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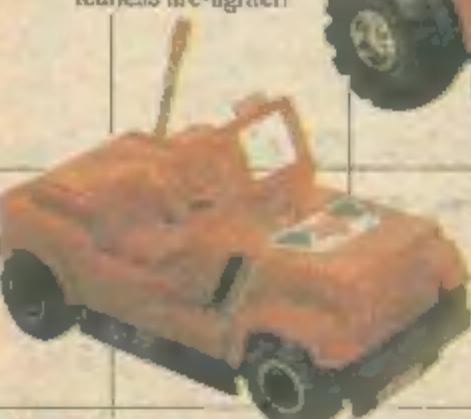
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7 years upward
Tap the button quick, quick,
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Battery-operated.



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2-5 years
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fearless fire-lighter!



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up — and off you go!



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3 years upward
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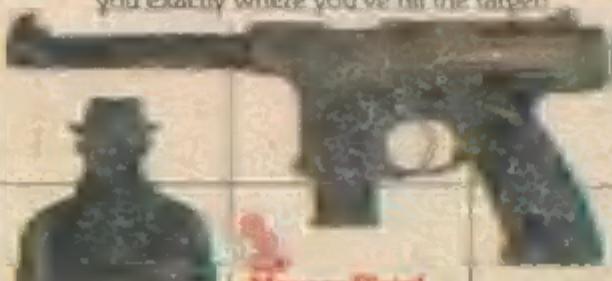
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Mail Van

3-5 years
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3 years upward
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7 years upward
Aim carefully... shoot! Congrats - you've got the target!



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5 years upward
Shoots tiny flying saucers. Go into space... be a star war hero!



A child's best friend!

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* *THE STORY OF RAMA reaches an exciting phase when an expedition must be planned for seizing the citadel of the demons.*

* *A pictorial account of the great monuments of Fatehpur Sikri.*

Vol. 17 JUNE 1987 No.12

* *A significant legend of India, helpful answers to queries on English usage, a humorous anecdote through pictures, a bunch of refreshing stories and all the other features.*



भवन्त्यपि निष्फलैव धनश्च द्विर्भवति कृपणपुरुषस्य ।
ग्रीष्मातपासन्तपासन्य निष्कर्त्तायेव पथिकस्य ॥

*Bhavantyapi nisphalaiva dhanat ddhirbhavati kripaṇapuruṣasya
Griṣmātapaśantapātasya nijakacchāyeva pathikasya*

Wealth hoarded by a miser is of no use to him, just as in the hot sun the traveller's own shadow is of no use to him.

The Gathasaptashati





Controlling Editor
NAGI REDDI
Founder:
CHAKRAPANI

A REWARD BY ITSELF

Ours is an age when great opportunities are available to those who wish to learn good things. There are any number of institutions imparting lessons in art, music, dance and such other subjects which make life more meaningful. At the same time ours is an age when wide is the way for those who would let themselves tumble into hell-holes of drug addiction, inertia and crime. If one is alert, one cannot but choose the creative road of life. It is only those who are not alert, who do not set a goal before them (even if the goal may keep changing), are the ones to be swept by the tides of false temptations.

It always pays to be alert, to keep our hearts filled with hope and goodwill. Such an attitude is a reward by itself.

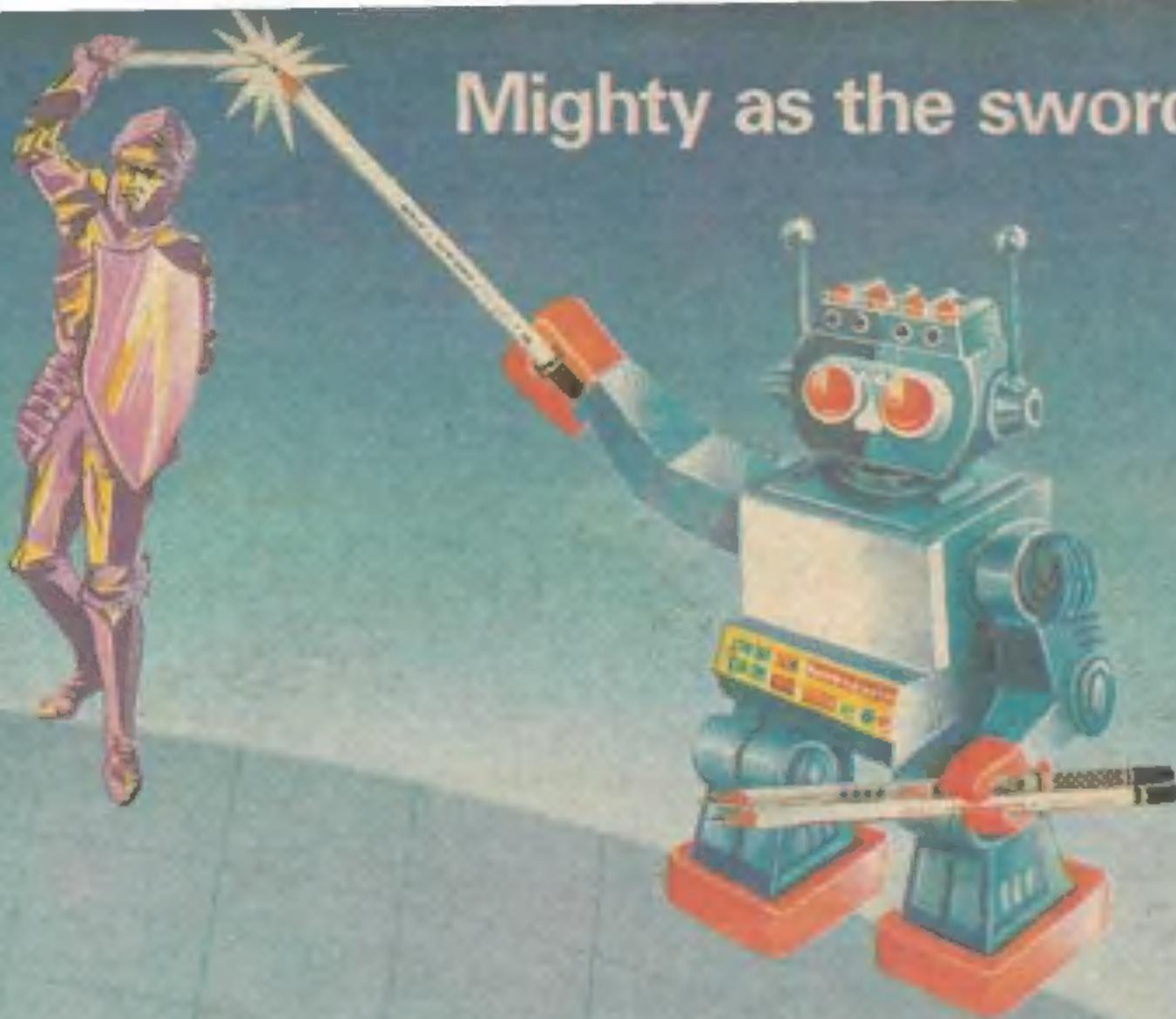
Thoughts to be Treasured

If light can come out of darkness,
then alone can love emerge from
hatred.

— Mahatma Gandhi



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NEWS FLASH



MUSIC BY FLOWERS

Some Japanese scientists have invented a way to transform the vibrations given out by flowers into music, with the help of a kind of super-sensitive computers. The invention is still in a primary stage, but holds out great promise.

A 20-LANGUAGE DICTIONARY

After 10 years of work by over 100 contributors in 28 countries, a 20-language dictionary of museum science has been completed in Hungary for the International Council of Museology.



SUICIDE BY BIRDS?

Located atop the funnel shaped valley in Murabad Taluk in Thane District of Maharashtra, the Malshej Ghat at an altitude of 750 metres, is a natural death trap for various species of birds. The birds roosting around the area, are found entrapped by a peculiar phenomenon comprising high velocity winds, heavy mist and fog and eventually die. The phenomenon continues for several weeks.

THE FORGOTTEN GRAVE

Dr. Teja Singh's son, Boris Singh, fell fighting the Nazi invaders during World War II in Lithuania. The grave of this heroic boy was accidentally found by school children recently. Mrs. Singh lives in Uzbekistan in Russia.



Remember the stories your mother used to tell? About how in the past women coped with those five days. And had to depend on old-fashioned home made napkins. Well, those days are gone now. Today if a woman has the right sanitary protection — like Carefree — she can do anything. Why Carefree?

Because times are changing and so are you.

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why choosing the right sanitary protection becomes important.

Why Carefree is the ideal choice for today's changing times.



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any other day of the month. So if you're using ordinary napkins, isn't it time you switched to Carefree! After all, shouldn't you be changing with the times!

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More than 100,000,000 comets revolve around the sun.

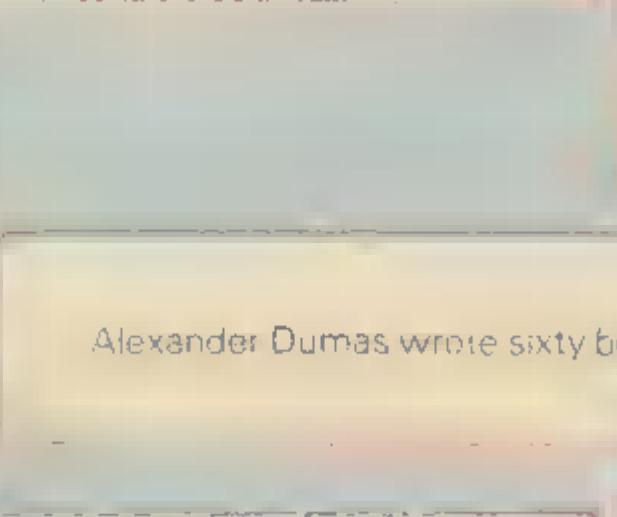
The density of the planet Saturn is so low that if it fell into a big enough sea, it will float.



Robert Louis Stevenson got the plot for his famous novel *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* from a horrifying dream.

Spanish author Lope de Vega (1562-1635) is believed to have written 2,200 plays in a spontaneous style. 500 of them survive.



Alexander Dumas wrote sixty books in one single year.

King Louis XIV of France never took a bath all his life.



Grrr...I'm
Choco-Cream!

“When the trouble is double
and it's hard to run,
unwrap the toffees
and enjoy the fun!!”



Double
Trouble

Prrr...I'm
Coffee-Cream!

Double
Trouble
Toffees

STORY OF

RAMA

—By Manoj Das

(Hanuman found Sita in Ravana's garden in Lanka. He introduced himself to her and assured her of her immediate safety and then suddenly began destroying a part of the demon-king's fort. Several demons went to capture and kill him, but most of them fell and the rest "fled like street dogs before a charging elephant.")

TURMOIL IN LANKA—3

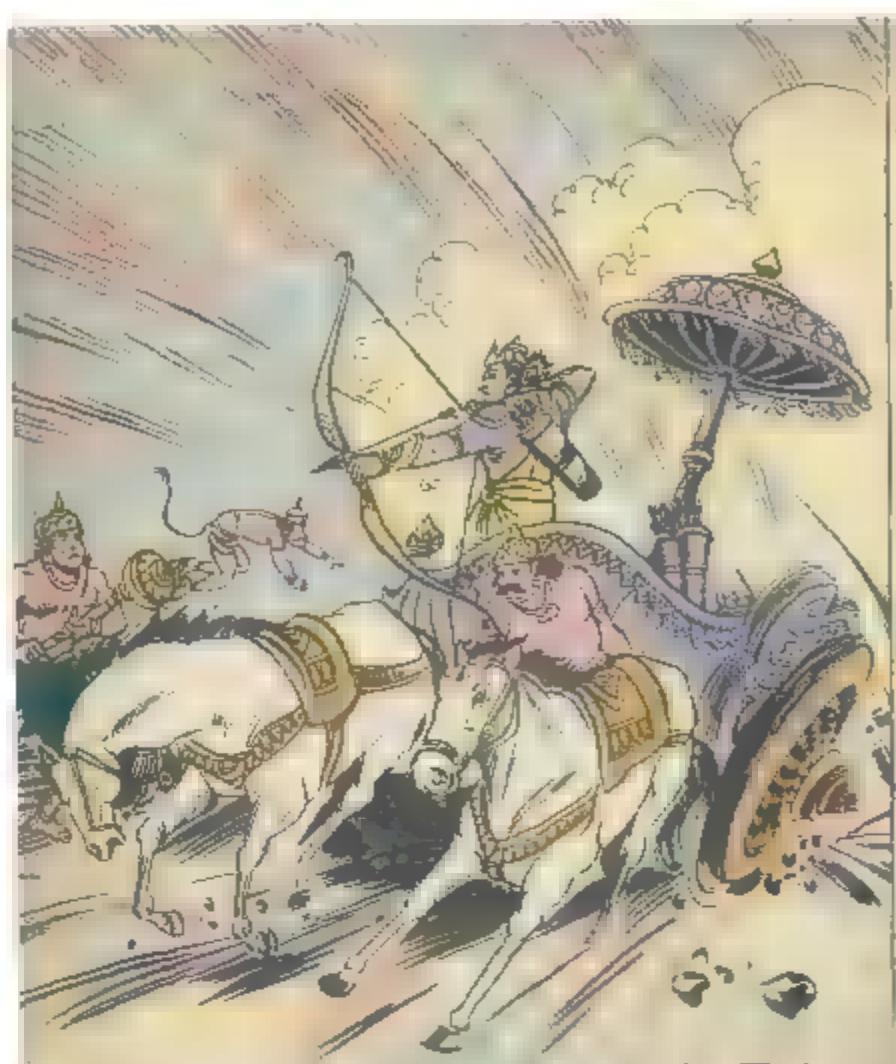
Ravana was surprised and he felt deeply anguished over the fact that a mere Vanara could not only keep his demon-soldiers at bay, but also scared or destroyed them with contempt!

"The creature should not be allowed to demoralise the Va-

naras for any greater length of time. It is better to apply more force than necessary and put an end to the menace at once," thought Ravana.

He commanded a team of five generals to proceed to confront Hanuman. They marched forward followed by an army. Lit-





tle could they imagine what Hanuman would do to face their challenge.

Hanuman sat on a towering mansion, his legs dangling and hands resting on his knees, showing no sign of anxiety or fear. The generals shot a swarm of arrows at him.

Hanuman suddenly stood up. Behind the mansion was a hill. He broke its huge peak and hurled it at the advancing generals, crushing them to an instant death.

Half of the army which was following the generals met the fate of its leaders. The other half dispersed shouting cries of

horror.

Ravana, upon hearing the news of the fate that befell his generals, clenched his teeth and looked at his younger son, Aksha. The brave young demon-prince jumped up at the hint from his father to put his own valour to test.

Hanuman looked at the handsome demon-prince almost with affection. He did not wish to kill him. But the young warrior was eager to achieve success. He discharged the most fierce arrow he could command. It struck Hanuman and gave him a shake. "It is foolish to let a fire grow!" said Hanuman. At once he planted a blow with his mere fist on Aksha's chariot and smashed it. Aksha who knew some wizardry rose to the sky to attack Hanuman from above. But Hanuman caught hold of him by his feet and swung him in a circle several times and hurled him to his death.

Ravana never expected this to happen. He suppressed his tears and told his most heroic son, Indrajit, "I'm afraid, the intruder is no Vanara but a supernatural being sent by the gods. I want you to tackle him. No use your leading an army. Our sol-

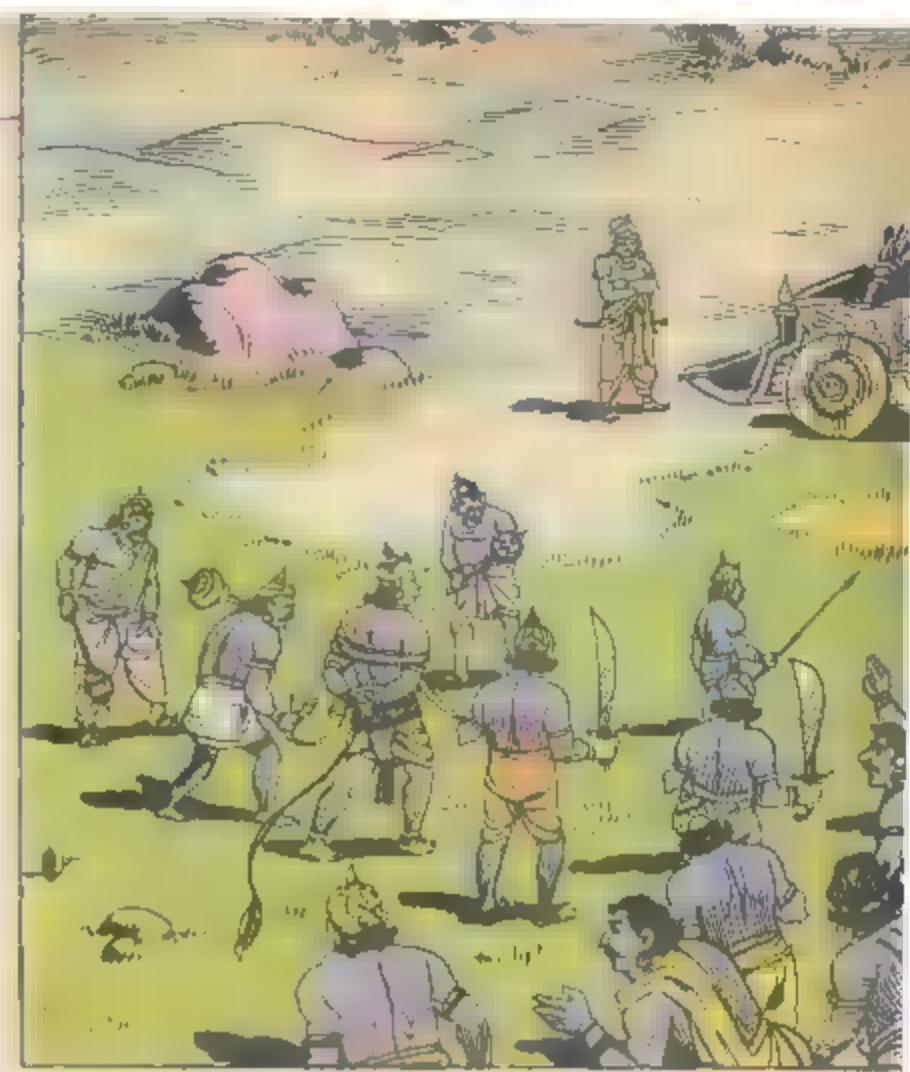
diers will be no match for him and there will be loss of lives to no gain. I advise you not to use the usual weapons against him. They will not be effective. Use your magic weapons and finish him off!"

Indrajit bowed to his father and went out as soon as he could in the flying chariot. He roared like a lion — he proceeded to meet the enemy and his arms jingled creating tension in the atmosphere.

Hanuman realised that the one who was coming to attack him was no ordinary demon. He remained alert. A cloud of strange arrows was coming towards him, but he swiftly rose above them and evaded them.

But what he could not evade was a solitary arrow which Indrajit shot after his first futile attack. It was the arrow charged with the power of Lord Brahma's boon.

The arrow could not kill Hanuman, but it paralysed him. Hanuman did not show any impatience, but calmly thought over his next course of action. The demons, jubilant over Hanuman's fall, rushed to him. Before Indrajit could warn them, against it, they had thrown



strong ropes round Hanuman's hands and feet.

Indrajit was disappointed. The reason was, he had immobilised Hanuman by his supernatural powers. The demons tried to do the same by ordinary means, through ropes. The two things do not go together. As soon as the demons bound Hanuman with the ropes, the spell Indrajit had cast on him came to an end.

Hanuman knew that he could now spring to his feet and renew fighting. But he feigned ignorance of the fact that the supernatural spell was over. He allowed himself to be dragged

towards Ravana's court.

Ravana sat amidst his legendary splendour, his eyes red with anger. While Hanuman marvelled at his wondrous figure, the demon-king marvelled at Hanuman's fearless and noble bearing and dignified gait.

Hanuman thought of Ravana, "Only if this fellow had a mind as beautiful as his body, he deserved to be the protector and monarch of even the gods!"

"Who is this stranger? Certainly not a mere Vanara, but a god in disguise!" thought Ravana.

But when Hanuman introduced himself as Rama's emissary and asked Ravana to restore Sita to Rama or face the consequence, Ravana forgot his admiration for the stranger and trembled with wrath.

"Put him to death!" was the demon-king's order.

"My Lord, withdraw your order. The code of conduct followed by all great Kings require that emissaries of other Kings must not be killed. If an emissary has proved annoying, he can be punished in some other way," said Bibhishana, Ravana's brother and wise minister.

"Very well, put fire to the Vanara's tail of which he seems to be very proud. Then take him



round the city. It will be such fun for all!" said Ravana.

Hanuman, who could have got loose at will, decided to take the treatment calmly. This will give him an opportunity to see the city. The knowledge can be put to good use in case of war with Ravana.

The demons rolled several layers of cloth on Hanuman's tail and soaked them with oil and set it ablaze amidst outbursts of joy.

It was indeed great fun for the demons and demonesses of Lanka to see the captive led through the streets, his tail in flames.

Hanuman no doubt felt the heat, but to his amazement, the heat soon changed into a cool sensation, as if what touched his skin was not fire, but a paste of sandal-wood!

This happened because Mother Sita had been reported of what was being done to him. She prayed to the God of Fire to see that no harm came to Hanuman. The God responded to her prayer.

The procession that was out with Hanuman was growing larger and riotous. Jubilant demons beat drums, blew bugles



and yelled out their joy over their captive's humiliation.

Hanuman walked quietly except for thrusting the tip of his blazing tail occasionally into a demon's nose or into another's hairdo, making others laugh at the cost of a few. But suddenly he thought that it was time to act differently.

He shrank in size, thereby loosening the ropes which fell off his feet, hands and waist. Then, in a mighty leap, he ascended a fine building and moved his tail on it. It caught fire. He then jumped from mansion to mansion setting them on fire one after another.

In a minute or two the fun of the demons changed into grave panic. House after house began burning. Roofs and pillars collapsed and columns of smoke rose into the sky and darkened the clouds.

There were deafening cries from demonesses and demon-kids trying to escape the fire. A number of demons threw themselves down from the upper storeys of their houses.

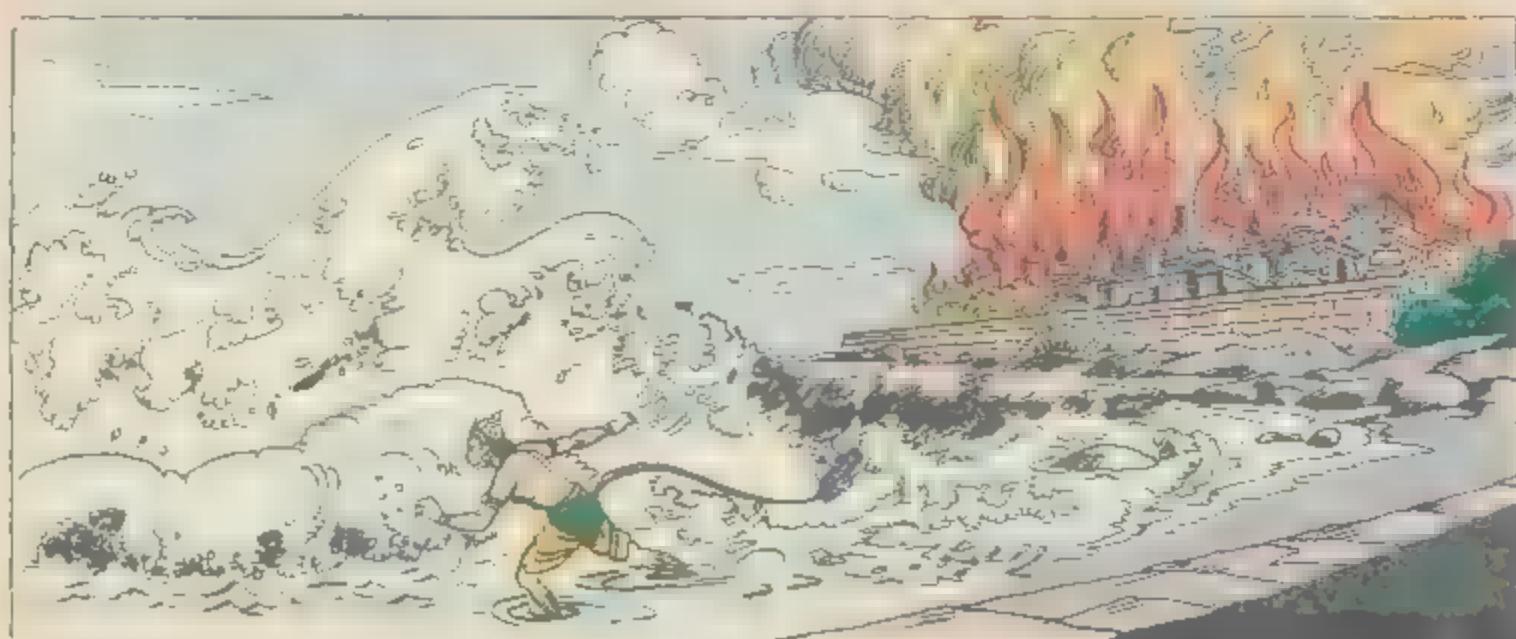
Leaving the burning city behind, Hanuman jumped into the sea and extinguished the fire on his tail. Suddenly a fear crept into his mind: was Mother Sita safe from the devastation caused by him? He returned to the garden of her confinement. The atmosphere there was calm. The demonesses, anxious to see what had happened to their houses, had left Sita alone.

Sita was delighted to see Hanuman once again. Hanuman took leave of her and climbed a hill and took off for the horizon on the other side of the sea. Greater was his speed during his return journey. But he took care to touch Mount Rushyamuk which had eagerly raised its head for Hanuman to relax on it for a while.

Hanuman, of course, needed no rest. He shouted with joy when the skyline beyond the waters grew more bold.

His thunder-like shouts were heard by Angada and others around the Mahendra hills. "Hanuman has accomplished his mission!" they said, "He would not give out such joyous shouts otherwise."

— To continue



THE GREAT STUDENT

The great Sage Vyasa was one day passing through a hilly area, alone. Suddenly his eyes fell on a very unusual scene.

A man belonging to a tribe of forest-dwellers, the Savaras, stood under a mango tree rich with handsome ripe fruit. The tree leaned towards him of its own, enabling him to pluck the fruit.

The sage observed the man filling his sack. As soon as he had finished doing so, the tree straightened up.

The sage marvelled at the phenomenon. He approached the Savara and greeted him. The Savara returned his greetings with greater humility.

"My friend, I saw you perform the wonder. How did you do it?" asked Vyasa.

"By chanting a hymn," replied the Savara.

"Will you please teach me the hymn? My name is Vyasa. I promise never to put the secret to any wrong use," said the sage.





The Savara bowed to the sage and touched his feet upon hearing his name, but did not say anything. The sage smiled and said, "I shall be grateful to you if you teach the hymn to me and the rules I am to follow to make the hymn work. If you are not in a mood to say yes or no to me now, I shall come again," said the sage and he went away.

He returned to the Savara's hut after a week. The Savara saw him from distance and hid behind a rock. Failing to see him, the sage went away.

Weeks passed and the sage tried several times to meet the Savara. But every time the

Savara was missing from his hut.

The Savara had a young son who observed his father hiding from the sage. He was surprised, but before he had got a chance to ask his father for the cause of his strange conduct, the sage arrived once again.

"Why do you wish to meet Father?" asked the boy.

"Your father knows a very unusual hymn. He can make tall trees lean and yield their fruit to him when he chants that hymn. I desire to learn it from him," said the sage.

"I know who you are. I am sure you deserve to learn it. If you are willing to learn now, I can teach the hymn to you!" said the boy.

The sage was delighted. He sat down and let the boy teach the hymn to him. Then he took leave of him, bowing to him.

Upon meeting his father, the boy informed him what he had done and then asked, "Father, I observed that you avoided Vyasa. Why? Was it right to withhold the secret from a sage of his stature?"

"My son, it is true that I did not wish to teach the hymn to him. I had my reasons for it. He is a great sage, adored even by

the gods. If I teach him a lesson, I become his guru. Now, how can a sage like him treat an ordinary man like me as his guru? And, if he does not respect me as his guru, the hymn will not work! That is the rule!" explained the Savara.

The boy grew thoughtful. "I see!" he said, "My teaching him the hymn was in vain. He will never treat me as his guru—and he should not! I cannot ask him to look upon me as his guru either, just for the sake of the rule!"

Father and son forgot about it and a year passed. One day they were walking by the river-side when they heard the chanting of

the Vedas. Nearby was a hermitage and a hundred young scholars sat reciting the hymns.

Suddenly their master stood up and came running towards the two Savaras and prostrated himself to the boy. "O my revered guru, kindly visit my hermitage! The lesson you taught me has been highly useful to me. I will remain ever grateful to you," said Vyasa with folded hands.

The boy and his father could not check their tears. They understood that one who is really great knows how to be truly humble. Vyasa was a true student.





THE LOST NECKLACE

The King of Mahindrapur was on his way to his father-in-law's palace at Shankhamal. He was accompanied by his daughter.

The Princess was very happy because she was visiting her maternal grandparents who love her very much. The Princess carried with her a number of valuable ornaments. They included the gem-studded necklace her grandparents had sent as a gift on her birthday. She wanted to wear it and show it to the old royal couple how nicely it suited her!

The King, the Princess, the Minister and their staff camped at night in a castle at the frontier of Mahindrapur. People of the locality entertained their royal guest to dance and music and the evening was spent happily.

But a shock awaited the Princess in the morning. The gem-studded necklace was missing from the table that was near her bedstead.

None but one of the royal staff or one of the local servants of the castle could have stolen it. The Minister summoned all of them and said, "Let the thief return the necklace. He or she will be pardoned!"

But nobody came forward to make a confession.

Just then a spy came there, gasping for breath, and said, "Sir, Garga Sharma, the famous tantrik, is passing through this village. Will you like to take his help to catch the thief?"

"Certainly!" exclaimed the Minister. He immediately sent a nobleman to call Sharma.

Garga Sharma reached the

scene in ten minutes. Soon thereafter a group of four people came rushing and one of them said, "Minister, Sir, I am a merchant. On my way to Shankhamal, I spent the night in an inn here. Unfortunately, all my money, amounting to five hundred gold coins, was stolen last night. These are the other three to spend the night in the inn."

The Minister looked at Garga Sharma and said, "My friend, we have heard much about your power to solve crimes. Can you tell us if any of these three men is responsible for the merchant's loss?"

Sharma said nothing, but he touched the heads of the three men with his magic wand. Instantly one of them gave out a piercing cry and fell down. It seemed that he was seething in

pain. "Please save me! I have stolen the merchant's money. But I will return it with penalty!" he said in a trembling tone.

"Good," said the Minister. He thanked Garga Sharma and then asked him to find out who stole the Princess' necklace.

Sharma had just raised his wand when a maid-servant of the castle came forward and fell at the Minister's feet and said, "Sir, the necklace is with me. I will return it immediately."

The Minister asked her to get up. Others went with her to recover the necklace.

"Thank you, Garga Sharma!" said the Minister.

Needless to say, Sharma, the merchant and the other three were the Minister's men acting according to his instruction!



TIGER AND THE MAGIC STONE

In old Japan there was a sage who gave a kind of small magic stones. If one kept such a stone, no tiger could attack him.



After the sage's death his disciple sold counterfeit stones. A foolish King bought ten of them and distributed among the members of his hunting expedition.

Suddenly a tiger sprang upon the King's minister and dragged him away despite the magic stone. The King at once went to the sage's disciple.



"I'm sure the stones were not real, but counterfeit. Otherwise how can the magic fail to work?" demanded the King. "My Lord," replied the fellow, "The stone was real, but that tiger was counterfeit! That is why the magic did not work!"



THE SLOW-WOKED KING

The young King of Jiwanpur hardly took any interest in the affairs of his kingdom. He sat reading all kinds of books or sat brooding over issues unknown to others. He never went out of the palace. If Ministers or courtiers came to him with any problem, he was more anxious to get rid of these visitors than to solve the problems.

One evening he was strolling in his garden when a palace-maid named Sheela came and told him, "My Lord, a young fisherman wishes to see you. He comes from a village miles away."

"What if he came from another planet? What has a fisherman to do with me? Ask him to see our Minister, or if he must meet me, let him present himself in my court tomorrow,"

said the King, rather irritated.

"My Lord, he has something extraordinary to tell you. He cannot tell his secret to anybody else," said the maid.

The King knew the maid, an assistant in the royal kitchen, to be an intelligent young lady. He could not wave her away.

"All right. Show him to my presence," he said.

The maid brought the young man there and left the garden. The young man bowed to the King and said, "My Lord, am I not too insignificant a chap to meet you? Had you not loved the sweetened cream in your dinner last night and hadn't the Queen driven away the mosquito from your forehead, I would have never dared to meet you!"

The King was puzzled. Was



the stranger mad? But what he said was true! The King had liked the sweetened cream and the Queen had driven away the mosquito! As a rule nobody but the Queen was present when he dined. How could this young man know what happened during the dinner?

"Young man, I don't understand what has these things to do with your meeting me!" he observed gravely.

"I would not have met you unless the mermaid had informed me of these things and asked me to check with you in private whether she was speaking the truth or speaking lies!"

answered the young man, leaving the King even more perplexed.

"Mermaid? What do you mean?"

"My Lord, I saw her for the third time in the moonlight last night between the grove and the sea in front of my village. When I had seen her for the first time at the confluence of the river and for the second time near the forest on the river, I had disbelieved my eyes!" said the young fisherman.

"Do you mean to say that you saw a mermaid and talked to her?"

"What else, My Lord? When I told her that she knew nothing of the land, being a dweller in the waters, she asserted that she knew everything. She even knew what your Majesty liked and what the Queen did during your dinner!"

"Hm!" The King remained thoughtful. Then he asked the young man, "Can I see her?"

"You can provided you visit my village and camp there. She is seen in moonlit nights. There is no road to my village and I came plodding through mud!" said the fisherman.

The King ordered for a road

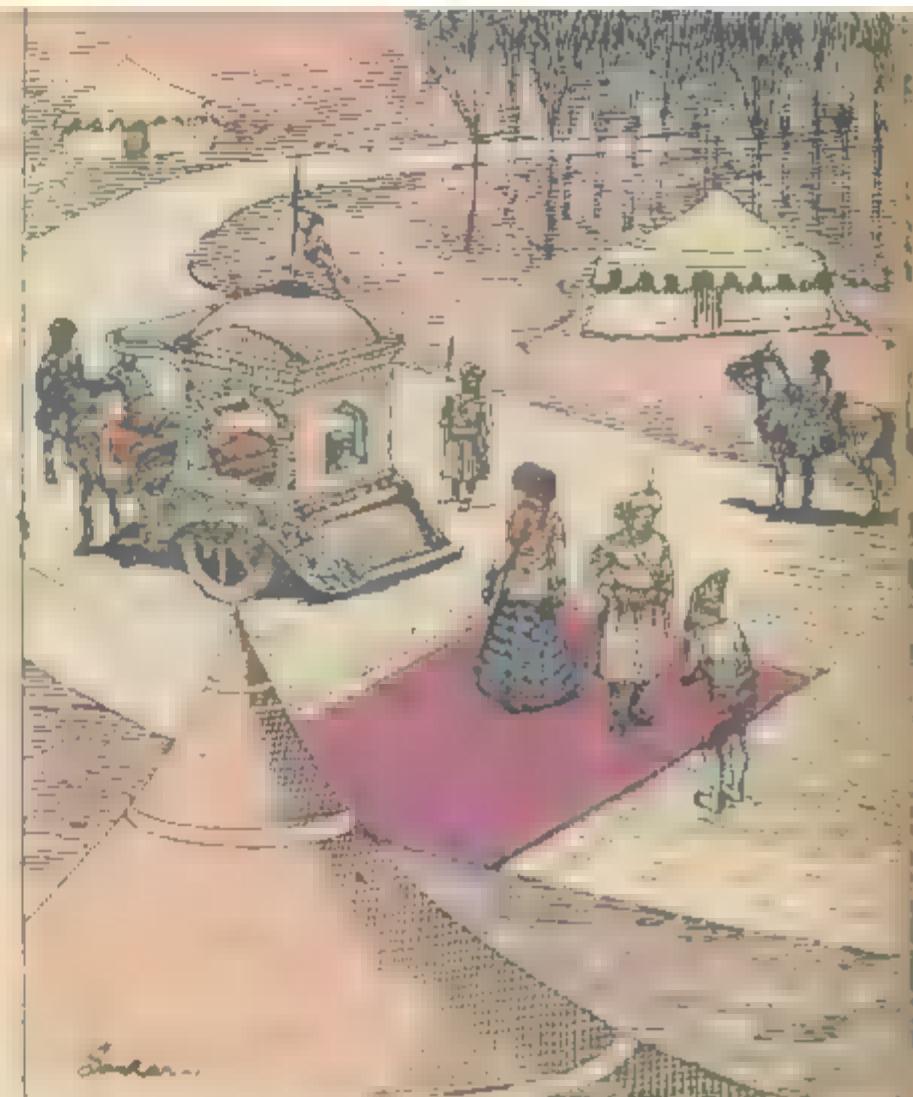
to be constructed to the fisherman's village. When it was done, he rode his chariot and reached the spot specified by the young man. All the villagers came and greeted him and thanked him for the road. The King was happy. He liked talking to them and solving their problems. But at night he waited for the mermaid, alone.

On the third day he asked the young fisherman, "Where is the mermaid?"

"My Lord, she is so whimsical! Maybe you can find her at the confluence," said the young man.

But the King had to wait till the next bright fortnight. Meanwhile a good road was built to the confluence and a guest-house was constructed there. The King camped there after some weeks and again the people thronged around him and expressed their happiness. The King too was happy, though the mermaid never appeared before him.

Next month, at the young man's advice, the King camped near the forest on the river. The natural beauty of these places charmed him. He felt extremely light at heart by talking to the



village folks, listening to the chirping and whistling of birds, and observing the rainbow, the sunrise, the sunset and other charming phenomena of nature.

His conduct at the palace too changed. He took more and more interest in the affairs of his kingdom. Since the roads he built for his own chariot earned him the people's gratefulness, he now started building roads for the people's convenience.

Two years later he learnt that the palace maid Sheela was getting married to the young fisherman. They belonged to the same village and were friends from childhood.



The King laughed and told Sheela, "Now I know how the young man knew what was happening during my dinner."

The young man came and apologised to the King for the yarn he had spun on the mer-

maid.

"Never mind, young man, even though I did not see the mermaid, I saw many things more beautiful than the mermaid!" commented the King who gave the couple many gifts.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES



THE DONKEY'S LANGUAGE

Subhas and Gautam, two friends, met in the market and bought two donkeys. They went back to their homes which were in two different villages.

Subhas ordered his donkey to do this or do that. "Eat!" he will say or say "Now take rest!" or "Come for work!"

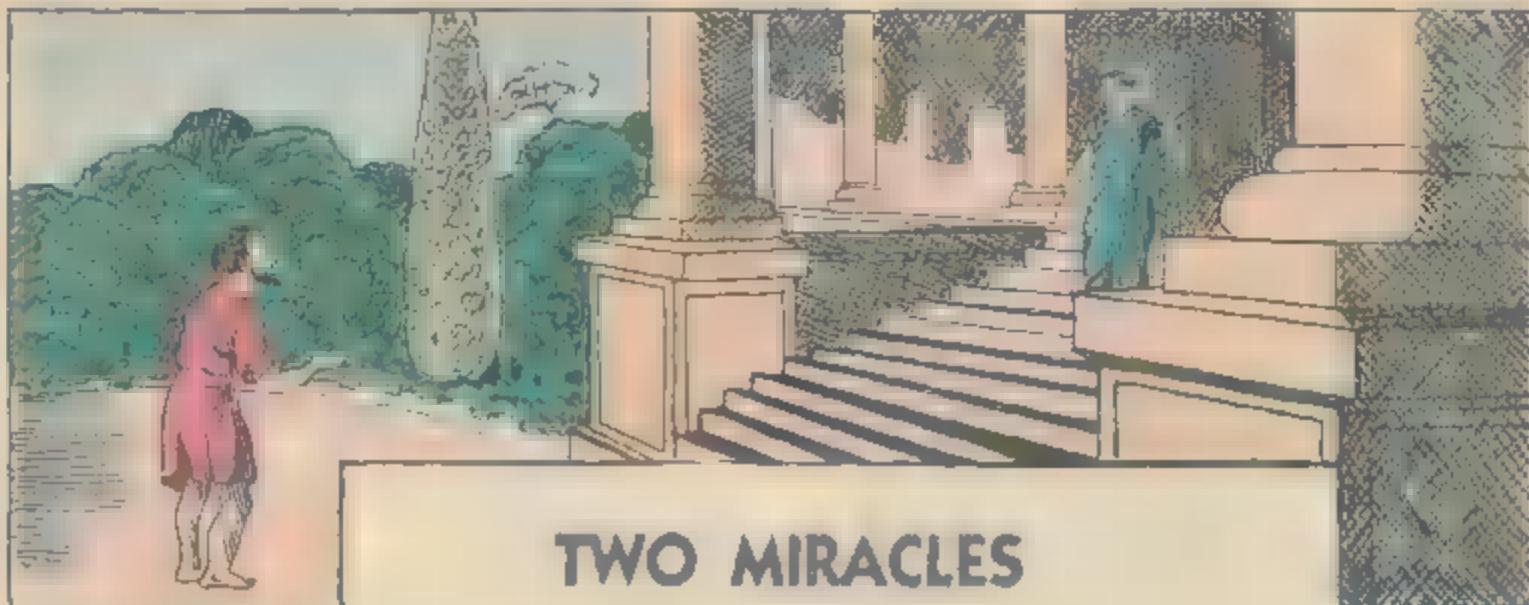
But he could not make the donkey obey him. He felt disgusted. They met after a fortnight. "How is your donkey behaving?" Subhas asked Gautam.

"Fine. It has learnt to obey my directions very well," replied Gautam.

"That is surprising. My donkey does not understand my language at all!" lamented Subhas.

"My friend, my donkey would have never understood me if I had spoken to him in my language. I did not do that. I observed the donkey and learnt his language; that is, the gestures he made or signals he gave to indicate his mood. Only then he began obeying me," explained Gautam.





TWO MIRACLES

In days gone by there was a wealthy man near Athens who was extremely kind towards the poor and the miserable.

Once a loafer who came from a different town heard the gentleman's reputation in philanthropy. He decided to take advantage of it.

He applied some gum to one of his legs and then sat in front of the gentleman's house. When it was time for the gentleman to come out, he pretended to be writhing in pain. He also knew the art of shedding false tears.

"What has happened to you?" asked the gentleman. The fellow did not speak, but pointed at his leg which looked swelled.

The gentleman called his servant and carried the loafer into his house. He was laid on a comfortable bed. "Don't wor-

ry," said the gentleman, "I'll see to it that you receive the best possible treatment."

The gentleman sent for a physician who had lately settled down next to his house. The physician came with his assistant and began examining the patient. Now, it so happened that the physician was as fake as the patient.

In no time the physician and his assistant understood that they were handling a false patient. But instead of confronting the loafer with their discovery, the two talked between themselves, pretending to show great concern over the patient's condition.

"I'm afraid, we have to cut deep into the patient's flesh, and maybe, take out a bit of his leg-bone which has been

affected," the physician told his assistant.

"Very well, boss, here is the knife," said the assistant wielding a big knife.

"For heaven's sake," cried out the loafer in a subdued voice, "don't do any such thing! My case is not that serious!"

The physician smiled. "So, you know! Look here. Your disease may not be serious, but you're trying to deceive the gentleman is a serious affair."

"Please pardon me," said the loafer.

"Let's rather have an understanding between us. You want comfort. Good. We will pre-

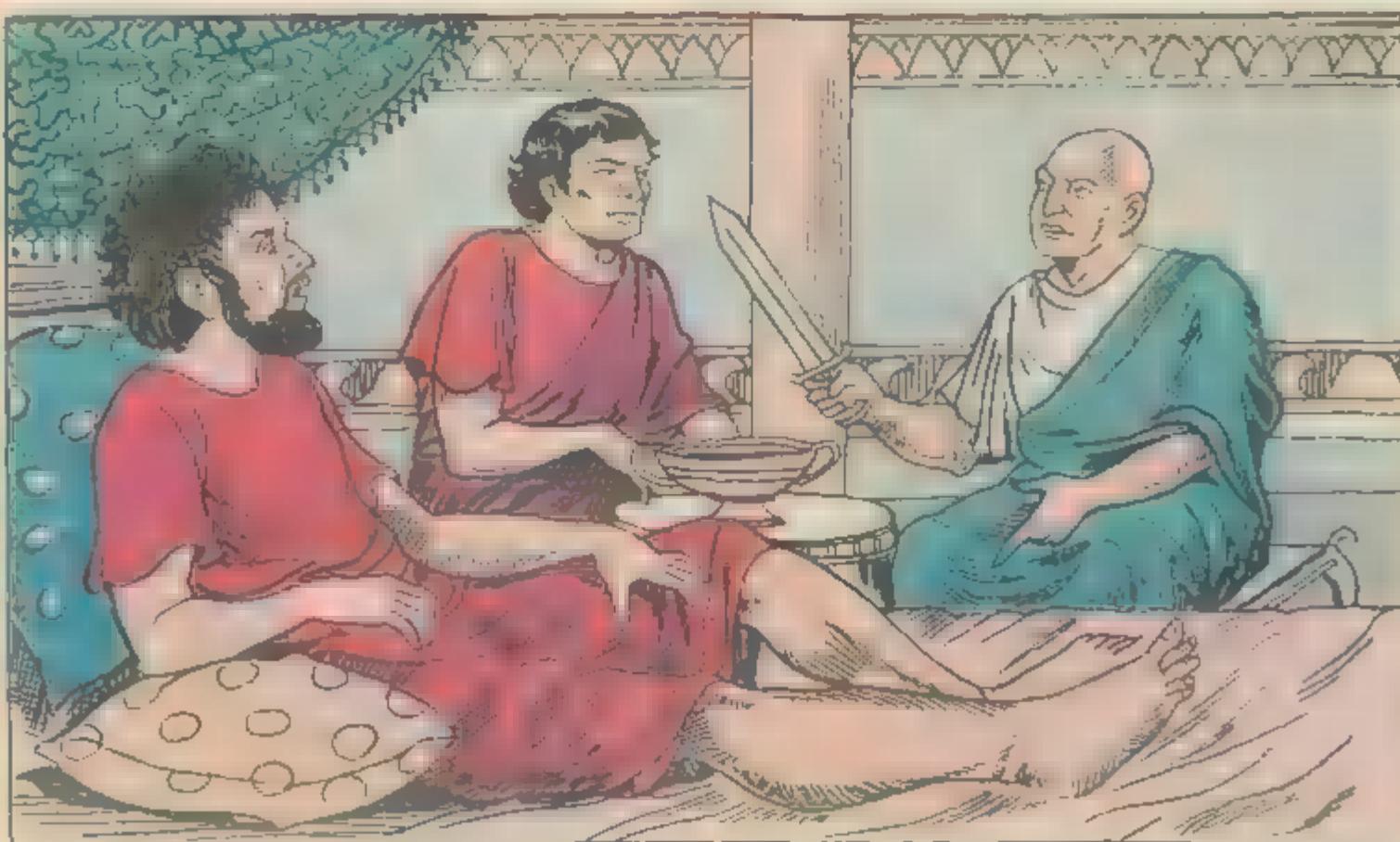
scribe for you good food and tonic. We will collect our fees, right?" said the physician.

"Excellent!" exclaimed the loafer.

The physician told the gentleman that the patient was a serious case. "We will of course do our best to save his life," they said and went away collecting their fees.

As advised by the physician, the loafer was given good food. Every day the physician came to check him and collected his fees.

Days passed. "How long must the treatment go on?" the gentleman asked the physician sev-



eral times. "Is he improving?"

"It is a very serious case. We are doing our best to cure him. But we must admit that his condition remains the same," the fake physician said.

One day the gentleman asked the physician, "Why don't you change the method of your treatment? Otherwise I will shift him to a hospital in the city."

The physician and his assistant were scared. After the gentleman left, the physician told his assistant, "Once the fellow is shifted to the city, we will be found out. We cannot suddenly declare that he has been completely cured, without even a

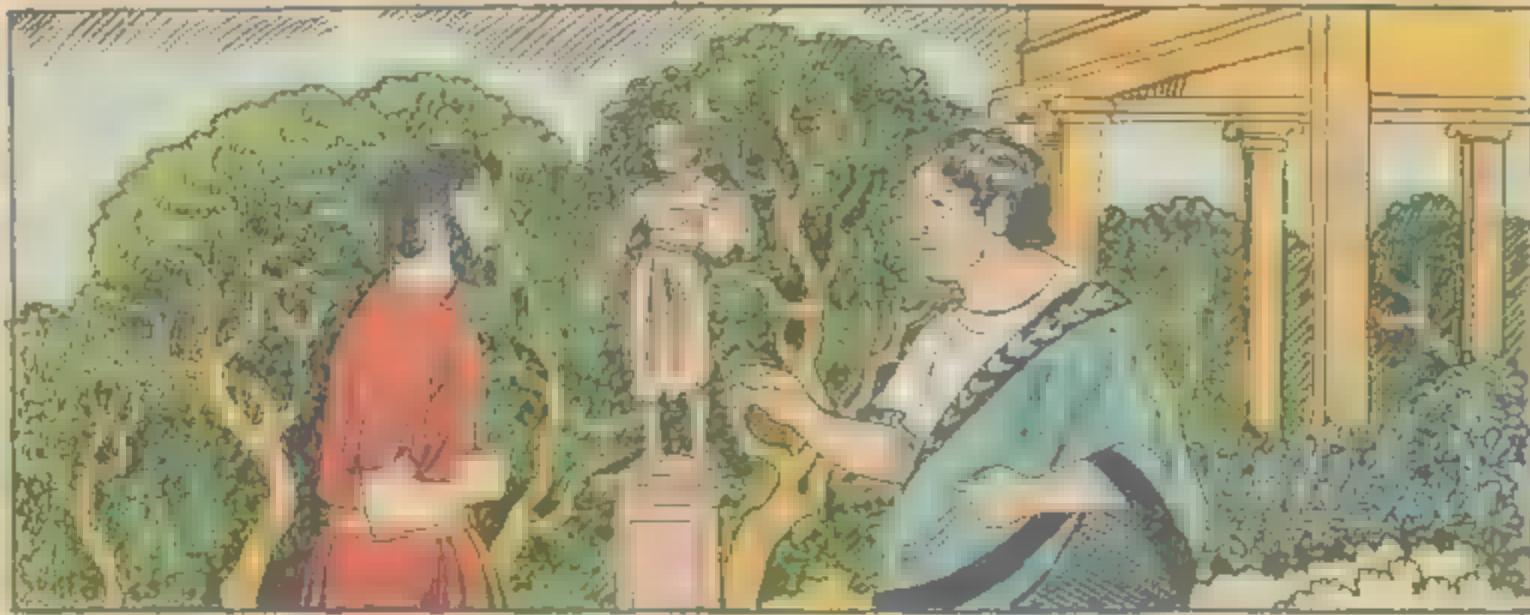
scar left on his leg!"

"Even if we say so, his leg will show that really nothing had happened to him. The best thing is to amputate his leg," said the assistant.

"Good. Let us put him to sleep and do so," the false physician said, little knowing that the 'patient' overheard them.

As soon as the two left for fetching the medicine necessary to put him to sleep and the knife, the loafer jumped out of his bed and ran. It was evening. The philanthrope thought that a thief was running away. He ran after him and caught hold of





him. "What is this?" he asked with surprise when he recognised the 'patient'.

"Well....Sir....perhaps a miracle!" replied the loafer. "I see. Let me inform the physician," he said and went to call the physician who lived close by. But the physician and his assistant who had seen their patient's feat, had done the same thing themselves. They

were not to be found.

"Not one, but two miracles! Not only your disease disappeared, but the physician who was treating you and his assistant too disappeared!" said the gentleman.

But he was a kind-hearted man and he gave the loafer work in his garden and taught him how to live honestly.

HOW CAN BUTTERFLIES FLY?

Butterflies from North Africa, which is over 1,000 miles away, have been found in Great Britain. So also have specimens from several Mediterranean countries. There must be hidden strength in the wings of these dainty insects.

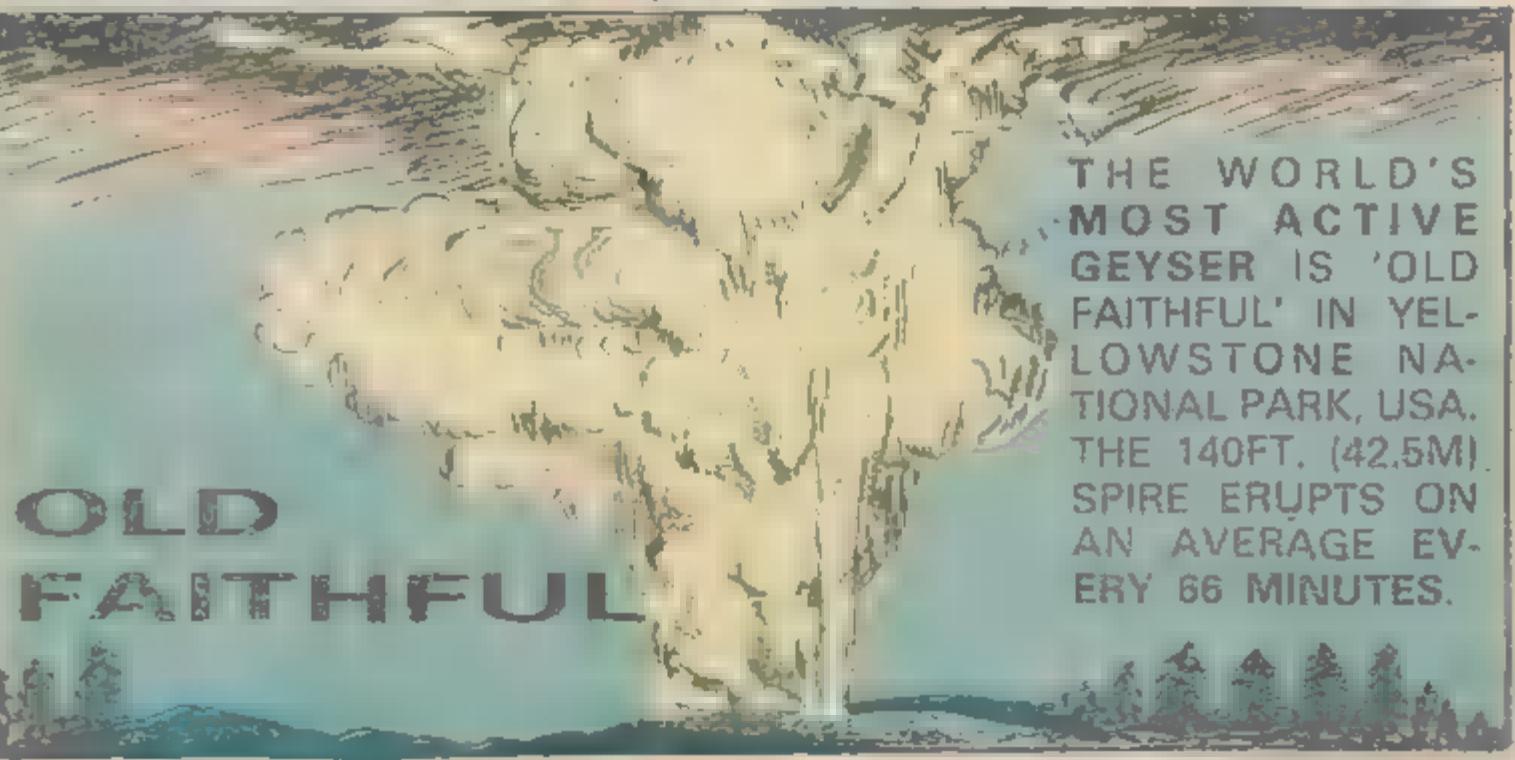
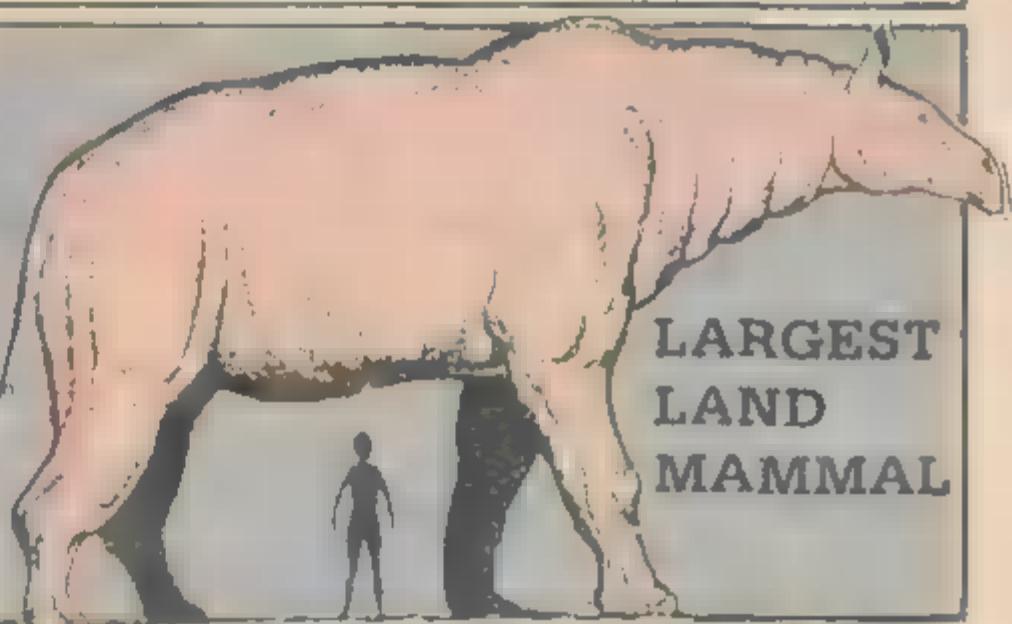


MOST DESTRUCTIVE INSECT



THE DESERT LOCUST EATS ITS OWN WEIGHT IN FOOD IN A DAY. A LARGE SWARM CAN CONSUME AS MUCH AS 20,000 TONNES OF CROPS. THE LARGEST RECORDED SWARM COVERED 2,000 SQUARE MILES (5180 SQ KM) IN SOUTH AFRICA IN 1784.

THE LARGEST EVER LAND MAMMAL IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN THE BALUCHITHERIUM WHICH LIVED BETWEEN 20,000,000 AND 40,000,000 YEARS AGO. IT HAD A LENGTH OF 35 OR 37 FT. (10.65 OR 11.27M) AND WEIGHED 16 TO 20 TONS.



OLD FAITHFUL

THE WORLD'S MOST ACTIVE GEYSER IS 'OLD FAITHFUL' IN YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, USA. THE 140FT. (42.5M) SPIRE ERUPTS ON AN AVERAGE EVERY 66 MINUTES.

SPEEDWAY

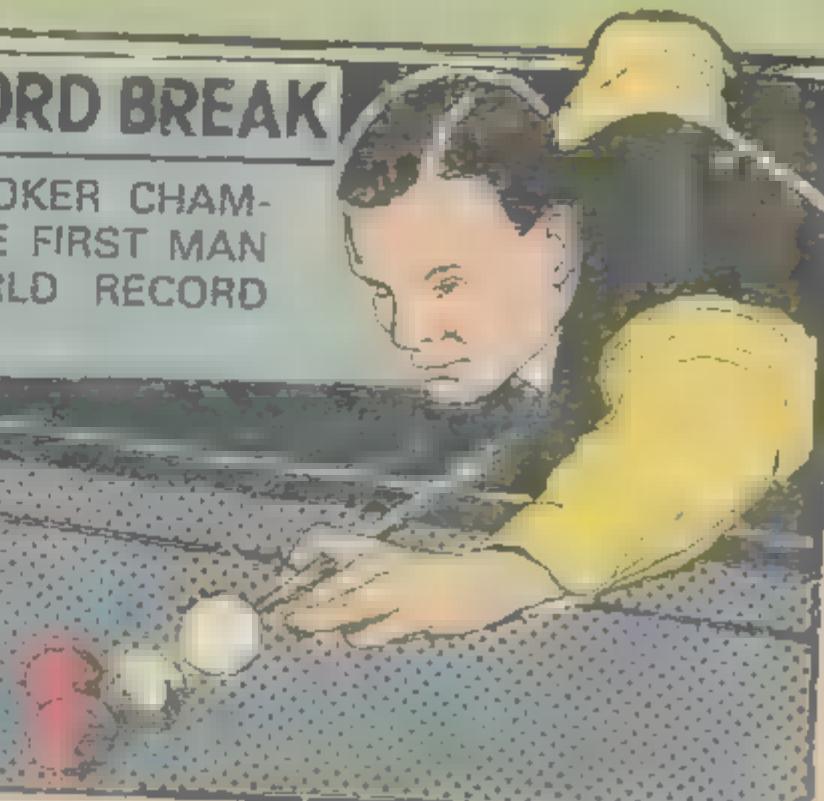
ORGANISED SPEEDWAY—MOTOR-CYCLE RACING ON LOOSE-SURFACED TRACKS—ORIGINATED IN AUSTRALIA IN 1923. THE FIRST WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP WAS HELD AT WEMBLEY, ENGLAND, IN 1936.

20°c

THE TENNIS BALLS USED IN TOP-CLASS TOURNAMENTS ARE KEPT AT A TEMPERATURE OF 20°c BEFORE PLAY.

RECORD BREAK

FIFTEEN TIMES WORLD SNOOKER CHAMPION JOE DAVIS BECAME THE FIRST MAN TO SET THE OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD BREAK OF 147 IN 1955.





AN EXPERIMENT

Once upon a time there was a sage who loved all creatures. But he was very sad to see the stronger animals killing the weaker ones.

His small hermitage was situated in a forest. From time to time he tried to protect the small creatures from the greed of fierce beasts, but how many can he save like that?

He thought over the problem for a long time and then hit upon a solution. He sat in deep meditation and pleased the great God Brahma. When he knew that Brahma was pleased with him, he asked him for a boon: "Grant me that I can change any animal into a human being."

Brahma granted the boon. The sage was extremely pleased.

One day he was returning

from the river to his hut when he saw a tiger chasing a deer. Before the tiger had pounced on the deer, he applied his newly acquired power on the two.

Instantly the tiger became a young man and the deer a young lady. He was quite happy. He made two huts for them and asked them to occupy them.

In a short time the young man and the young lady were found to feel attracted towards each other. The sage was still more happy. "As animals, they were so different from each other! As human beings, they love each other," he said to himself and felt proud that his experiment was a success.

He got them married and asked them to live together. Some weeks passed without any incident. But one day he heard a quarrel between them. The man

hunted beasts and birds and wanted his wife to share their meat with him. But the woman loved fruits and vegetables and she wanted her husband to give up hunting.

Soon one quarrel led to another and that to yet another. The sage found living in the couple's neighbourhood very uncomfortable.

One afternoon the woman came rushing into his hut, crying for help. The sage saw that the man was following her, trying to shoot an arrow at her. They had quarrelled too much!

"Don't do so!" said the sage but the man won't listen to him. There was no time to lose. The sage applied a different power. The man had to stop, because he could not move his limbs.

The sage gave a leaf each and

said, "Go in different directions. When the leaves will dry, you will be different."

The man and the woman did not understand what the sage had in his mind. But they obeyed him. When the leaves dried, the man changed into the tiger that he was and the woman into the deer that she was. Had the sage changed them immediately, the tiger would have killed the deer!

"Now I understand that by changing a tiger's form I cannot make him a real man. And what if I do? Don't men fight among themselves ferociously? What can stop the animals, turned into human beings, from fighting with equal vigour?" he asked himself. "Their minds must change," he said in conclusion.

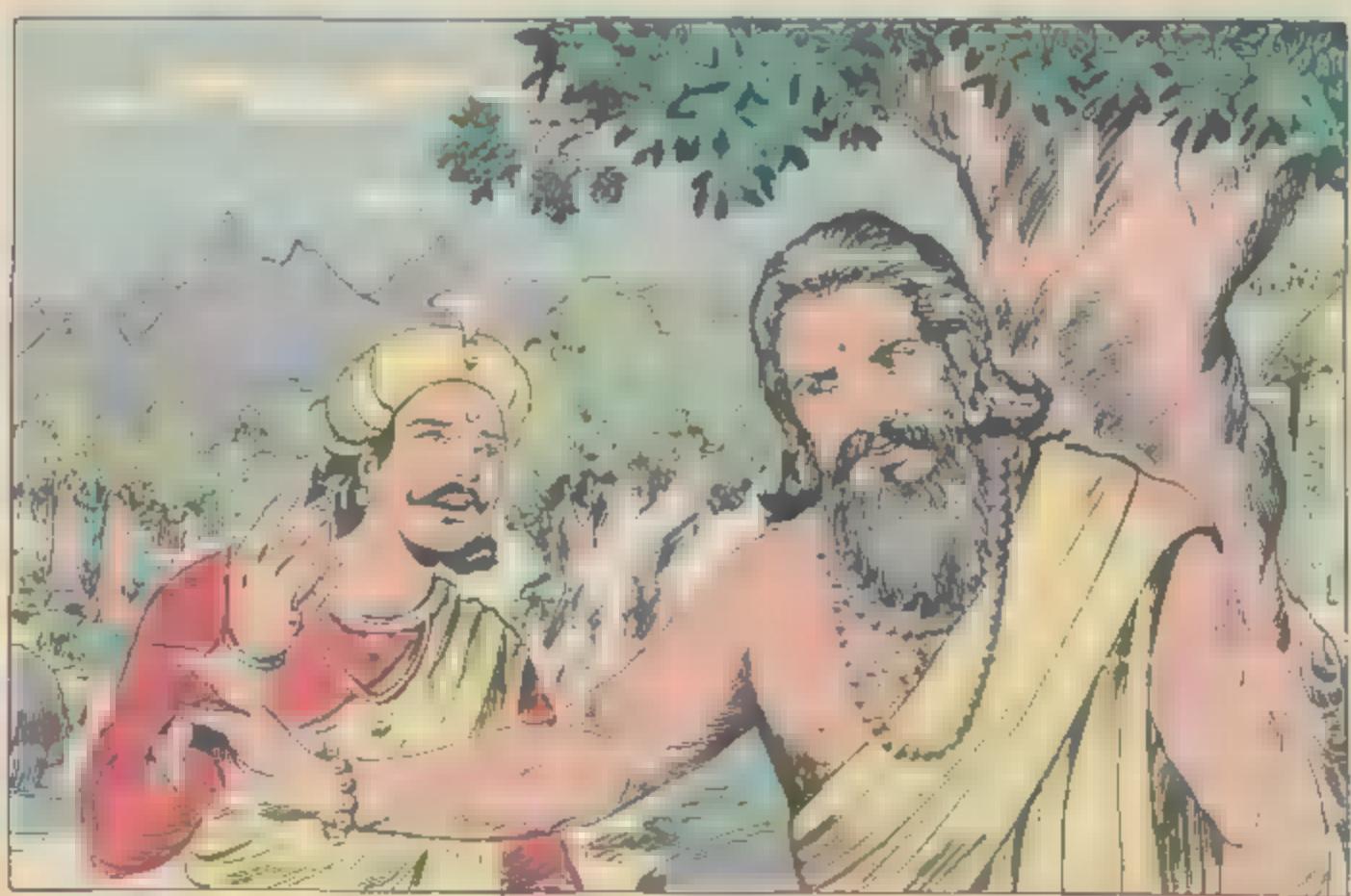


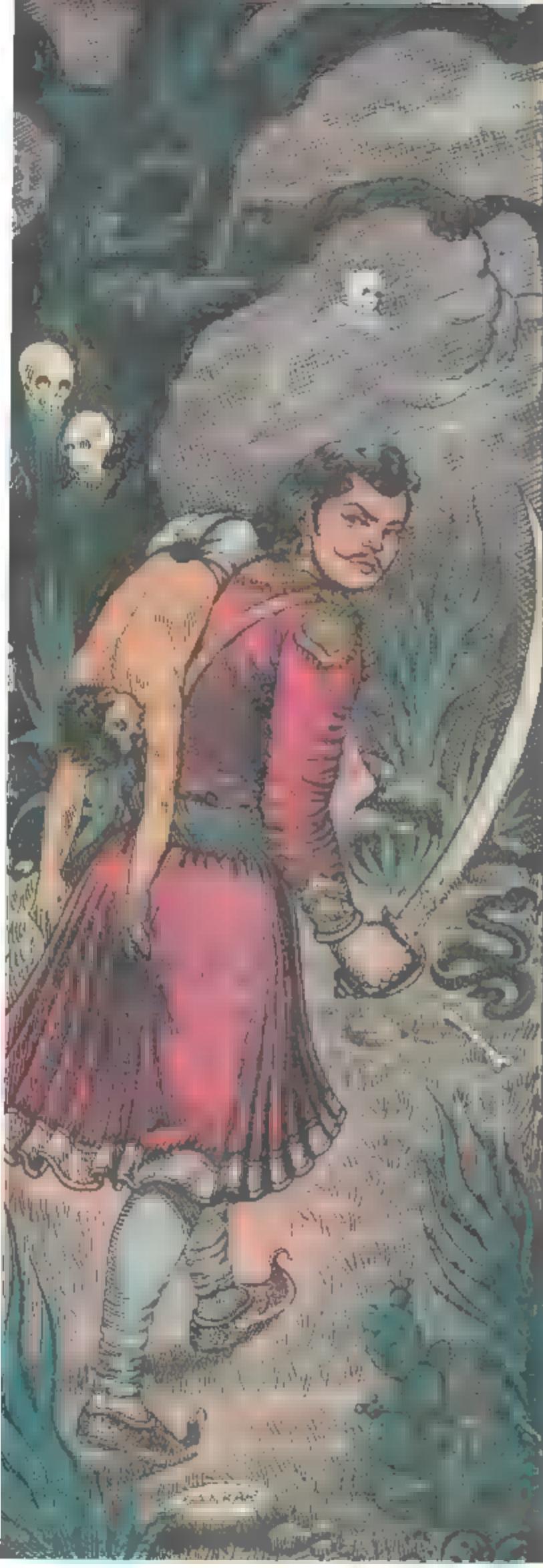
There was an epidemic in the villages. The King was informed about it. His guru told him, "You should immediately establish a hospital to treat the people beset with the disease!"

But the King did not take any step in that direction. After two months the epidemic spread to the capital and a number of the King's courtiers were beset with the disease. The King set up a hospital immediately. Then he went to his guru who lived in an Ashram in the forest and said, "Master! I have founded the hospital. I request you to come and preside over its inaugural function!"

"My dear King, I'll go to preside over the function that will mark its closing down. Let's wait for that day," said the guru.

The King realised that it was no time for formalities. He should have taken steps to check the epidemic as soon as he learnt about it. He must do everything possible to put an early end to the epidemic.





New Tales of King Vikram and the Vampire

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of the rumbling of thunder and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying on his shoulders, the Vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, it is not for nothing that you have undertaken this awful task at such an unearthly hour. You certainly desire to master some supernatural power. But those who exercise supernatural powers must observe some rules. It is not always easy to obey rules strictly. Let me tell you a story to explain my point. Pay atten-



tion to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The Vampire went on: In the forest that spread along the frontiers of Shilapur lived two Yakshinis. The two did some penance and got some powers. Ordinary people do not differentiate between gods, demi-gods and other supernatural beings. The two Yakshinis were worshipped as goddesses in two different temples.

One of them was known as Priyamba; the other was known as Bhagyamba. Priyamba had the power to fulfil only one prayer of only one devotee a day, whereas Bhagyamba could fulfil the prayers of any two

devotees.

The people who flocked to the temples did not know about the limited powers the deities had. But, naturally, more people flocked to the temple of Bhagyamba because over the years more people found their wishes fulfilled by visits to that temple.

From time to time the two deities met at midnight. Bhagyamba who was very proud of her superior power, often told Priyamba, "I feel sorry that so few people come to pay their obeisance to you!"

"Is it not for me to feel sorry about it, if at all? Why should you feel sorry? After all, you are drawing a larger number of devotees and that should keep you happy!" said Priyamba.

"No doubt a large number of people come to me. Well, perhaps I deserve even more devotees!" said Bhagyamba.

"Bhagyamba, dear, you should not be proud of anything. Pride is a feeling to be shunned. If I had the opportunity, I would rather deprive you of your power than see you puffing up with pride!" observed Priyamba.

Bhagyamba would laugh at

Priyamba's observation and go away.

Days passed. One day the King of Shilapur paid a visit to Bhagyamba's temple. He bowed to the deity and said, "Mother! I am about to attack the kingdom of Mandarpur. I don't care how many soldiers I lose, but I must conquer Mandarpur. Grant me the boon for my victory!"

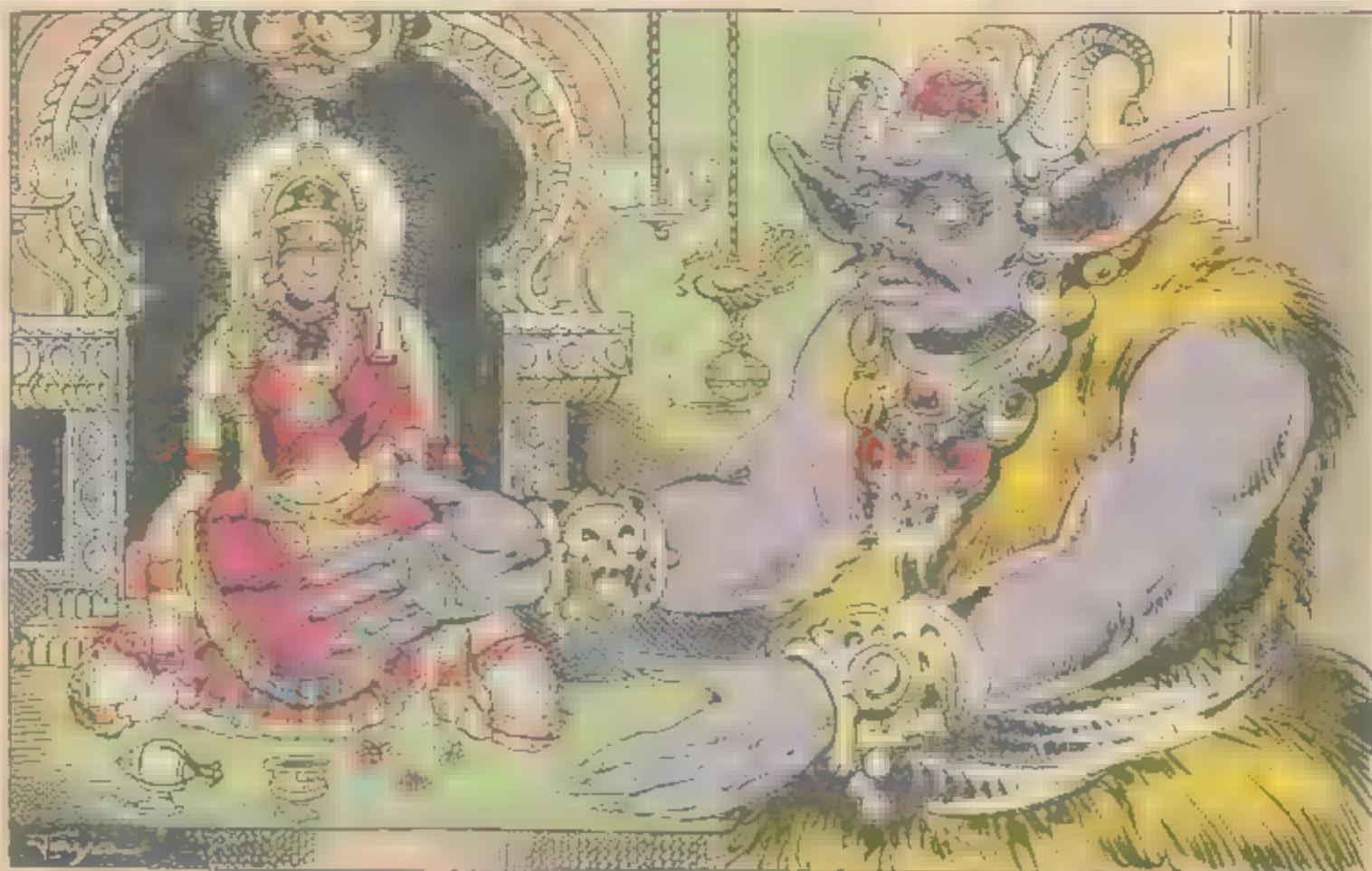
Soon after the King had left the temple, Rudra Singh a bandit-chief, came in. He bowed to the deity and said, "O Goddess, Seth Motilal is going to celebrate his daughter's marriage tonight. A fat lot of jewellery

will be kept ready for being carried with the bride. I have decided to strike during the wedding and loot the wealth. O Goddess, be kind to me and see to it that my mission is successful and I return safe."

The bandit-chief left. Then came a giant named Rakta Bhairav. He prostrated before the deity and said, "Mother! I have not had any human being for food for four days. Grant that I get hold of four human beings today. I am almost starving!"

Then he left.

Bhagyamba found herself in a tricky situation. All the three





prayers were harmful to others. She did not wish to fulfil any of them. At the same time she had to follow a rule: if she did not fulfil any two prayers of devotees who came to her, she will lose her power to grant boons forever. Of course, if no devotee asks for any boon on any day, her power will remain intact. But once prayers are made, she must grant any two or lose her power!

She waited for some more devotees to come with better prayers. But nobody else came and the day was over.

Bhagyamba was much upset. She met Priyamba in the even-

ing and narrated her problem to her. Then she said, "I don't know what to do. I am not going to grant any of these wishes. I would rather lose my power than give boons by which these fellows can do so much injustice!"

Priyamba consoled her saying, "Don't worry. I agree with your decision not to sanction any of these wishes. At the same time, I assure you that you will not lose your power! Even if you lose it, you will recover it."

"How?" asked the surprised Bhagyamba.

"Well, do like this. Do not grant the boons. You shall lose your power. Let it be so. But you pray to me asking me to restore your power to you. I have not granted any boon to anybody so far today. I will grant you your prayer. You will get your power once again!"

Bhagyamba thought over the proposal in silence. Then she said, "Let it be so. I refuse to fulfil any of the prayers I have received today!"

At once her aura disappeared. She felt weak. She understood that her power was gone.

Then she folded her palms

and bowed to Priyamba and said, "O Goddess, grant that the power I have lost is restored to me!"

"Let it be so!" said Priyamba.

Bhagyamba felt strong again and her aura came back to her. She expressed her gratitude to Priyamba and returned to her temple.

The Vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging voice, "O King, hadn't Priyamba announced that if she had opportunity she will deprive Bhagyamba of her power? How then did she help her to get back her power when she lost it? Resolve my doubt if you can. Should you keep despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck.

Answered King Vikram

forthwith: "It was not Priyamba's intention to deprive Bhagyamba of her power. She said like that because she disapproved of Bhagyamba's vanity. But face to face with a problem, Bhagyamba's vanity had disappeared. The fact that Bhagyamba bowed to Priyamba and sought her boon, shows that she had grown humble. That she was noble, was proved by her refusing to grant the wrong wishes of the three devotees. She ran the risk of losing her power because she did not wish others to suffer through her boons to the King, the bandit-chief and the giant. She had complete trust in Priyamba and Priyamba honoured that trust."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the Vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.





AT LAST ■ REMEMBERED TIME!

Kandu was the son of Sage Kanya. He sat for *tapasya* on the bank of the river Gomoti, in solitude.

To see the fun, one day Indra sent a nymph named Pramlocha to meet Kandu. The nymph moved around the small hut of the sage and soon attracted his attention.

Kandu was charmed by the beautiful nymph and married him.

Days passed and then months and then years. In the nymph's company, Kandu forgot his meditations and penance.

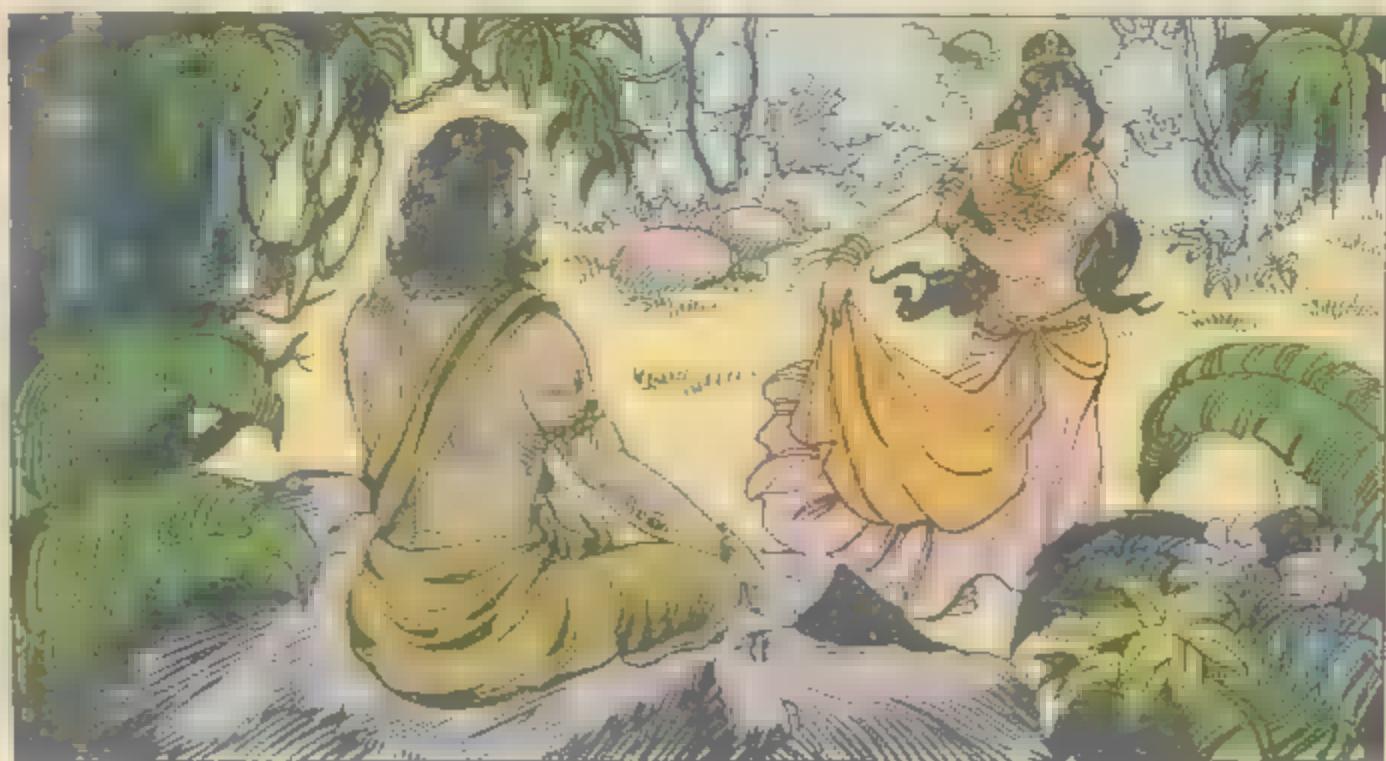
It was evening. Kandu was alone on the hill-top. The sun had just set and all was peaceful. Suddenly he remembered that it was time for him to meditate. He looked for his deer-skin on which he sat for meditation.

The nymph laughed. "Why do you laugh?" asked the surprised sage.

"You remembered the need for meditation after nine hundred years and six months and three days!" remarked the nymph.

"What do you say? Nine hundred years?" The sage had forgotten how much time had passed since he began living with the nymph. He thought it had been only a few hours!

He felt awfully ashamed. "Enough of pleasures! I must return to my way of life as a sage," he said and did not let anything distract him again!





WHAT ~~ONE~~ DESERVED!

In a certain village lived a poor man named Shivdas. He had a small plot of land which yielded him rice and vegetables just enough to maintain his small family made up of his wife and daughter.

But one year there occurred a terrible flood in the river. His crop was washed away. When the flood subsided, it was found that the river had changed course. His land was gone forever.

“Don’t you worry, Shivdas, you can till some of my lands. My only condition is, you must pay me rent for my land in cash—crop or no crop,” said the landlord of the village.

Shivdas agreed to the condition. The landlord’s lands were not as good as his own, but he worked hard and managed to pay the landlord his rent and to

earn enough to make both ends meet.

A few years passed. Once monsoon failed the area. As a result, there was no crop. Shivdas had hardly anything to eat. He told the landlord, “Sir, you know the situation as much as I do. I have worked harder than ever. Even then the land has failed me. Kindly exempt me from paying any rent this year.”

“That is out of the question. I’m a man of principle. We agreed to a certain condition. From my side I will not deviate from the condition. I must realise my dues from you,” said the landlord.

Shivdas was a simple man. He thought that if the landlord will not deviate from a principle, he too ought not to deviate from it. He decided to pay him his rent. But how to do so? He had only

one property which could fetch him some money worth counting. That was his pair of bullocks.

He led one of the pair to a distant market. For a short-cut, he began walking through a forest.

It was noon when he heard an unusual voice telling him "Brother, will you come to my aid?"

He looked here and there and saw a dwarf, dressed in an amusing style, smiling at him.

"How can I help you?" asked Shivdas.

"I must go to the other end of the forest. But how can I? I'm tired. Will you carry me there?"

asked the dwarf.

"My friend, I'm happy to find a companion. But I'm tired myself. I don't think I can carry you. And I have no horse or a pony with me, as you can see!" replied Shivdas.

"But you have a bullock. For a long time I have nursed a desire to ride a bullock!" said the dwarf.

Shivdas lifted the dwarf and put him on his bullock. Then they began talking as they went ahead. Shivdas told the dwarf all about his misery.

The dwarf listened with attention and said, "Shivdas, as I can see, you are already tired. The market is miles away. Why



don't you sell your bullock to me and return home in peace?"

Shivdas was surprised. "Well, I did not know that you needed a bullock and you had enough to buy one," he said.

"I don't have any money. But I have this!" said the dwarf, handing out a small brass pot to him.

Shivdas felt embarrassed. Obviously the dwarf does not know the value of a bullock! But it will be rude to refuse to part with the bullock! And the happy dwarf was already moving away!

"Listen to me, friend, this is only a pot!" he said betraying disappointment.

"So what? Go home, pray to your deity, place the pot on a clean floor and lift its lid and ask it to give you what you deserve," said the dwarf and he disappeared amidst dense bushes, along with the bullock.

Shivdas returned home, scratching his head. When his wife heard everything, she said, "Who knows, the pot may have some power, after all!"

They cleaned the floor of their house and placed the pot on it. Both of them prayed before the pot and then lifted its lid and said, "Please give us



what you think we deserve."

Lo and behold! Two little dwarfs sprang out of the pot and began circling in the air overhead, raining coins!

Coins were heaped on the bedstead in the room, spilling onto the floor. Shivdas, his wife and their daughter looked with amazement. After a while, the dwarfs made a dive into the magic pot and became invisible. Shivdas put the lid on it.

Shivdas paid the landlord his dues, bought good food and clothes for his wife, daughter and himself and asked the landlord, "Will you please sell some of your lands to me?"

The landlord's surprise knew

no bounds. How can this poor man, who was praying to be exempted from paying the year's rent, offer to buy lands?"

Soon he heard gossips about Shivdas getting hold of a wonderful pot. One day, while Shivdas was away, he invaded his house with some rowdies and took the pot away.

Back home, Shivdas saw his wife crying. "Don't cry," he said. "One day we just got the pot. We did not earn it. Nobody could have got it for the price of a mere bullock. If go away it must, let it go!"

But it was not easy to forget the loss. The landlord, of course, got no benefit out of the pot, because instead of asking the pot to give him what the pot thought he deserved, he began demanding of it this and that!

At last the landlord called

Shivdas and asked him how to operate the pot.

"Sir, all I did was to pray and lift the lid and ask it to give me what it thought I deserved," said Shivdas.

"All right," said the landlord. "I'll do the same. Do not go away. If the formula fails to work, I'll thrash you!"

He pretended to pray. Then he took the lid off the pot and said, "Give me what I deserve!"

Instantly two ferocious figures sprang out of the pot and began thrashing him with their lathis. The landlord cried with pain and fear. "Shivdas!" he shouted, "Please take away your pot!"

At once the landlord's tormentors made a dive into the pot and became invisible. Shivdas took the pot up and returned home, all smiles!





A folktale from China

WHAT A WIZARD!

In a small village in China lived a young man named Bang. He had married a girl from a nearby village.

Both the villages were very far from the town and the villagers continued to live as their forefathers lived for hundreds of years.

One day Bang's wife Suing visited her father's village. There she met a lady who had visited the town and got a curved comb from the town. She stuck the comb to her hair at the back of her head. "This is the latest fashion in the town," she confided to Suing.

It so happened that Bang had

to go to the town on business. While bidding him goodbye on the outskirts of the village, Suing told him, "Bring a curved comb for me—as curved as this moon," she said pointing at the moon.

Bang finished his work in the town and then remembered his wife's request. He forgot the comb, but remembered the moon.

"Can I have something like the moon?" he asked a shopkeeper.

"Why not!" said the shopkeeper who was eager to push his ware. He sold a mirror to Bang.



Never, never had Bang seen anything like that. He returned to his village, happy.

"Here is the thing you wanted!" he announced, handing over the mirror to his wife.

She eagerly looked into the mirror, but cried out, "What! You have brought a new bride for you and you say it is the thing I wanted!"

Bang's mother stepped into the scene and saw the mirror. "My son, what wrong did I do to you that you brought a new mother?"

The village chieftain was pas-

sing by. He looked into the mirror and cried out, "What is this? The fellow looks exactly as my face looks in the waters of my pond! What business had Bang to bring a new chief?"

The village wizard came rushing to the spot, hearing of the strange situation. "Surely Bang has brought a magic thing which will strip me of my greatness!" he thought. "I will solve the problem!" he said and he took the mirror and smashed it.

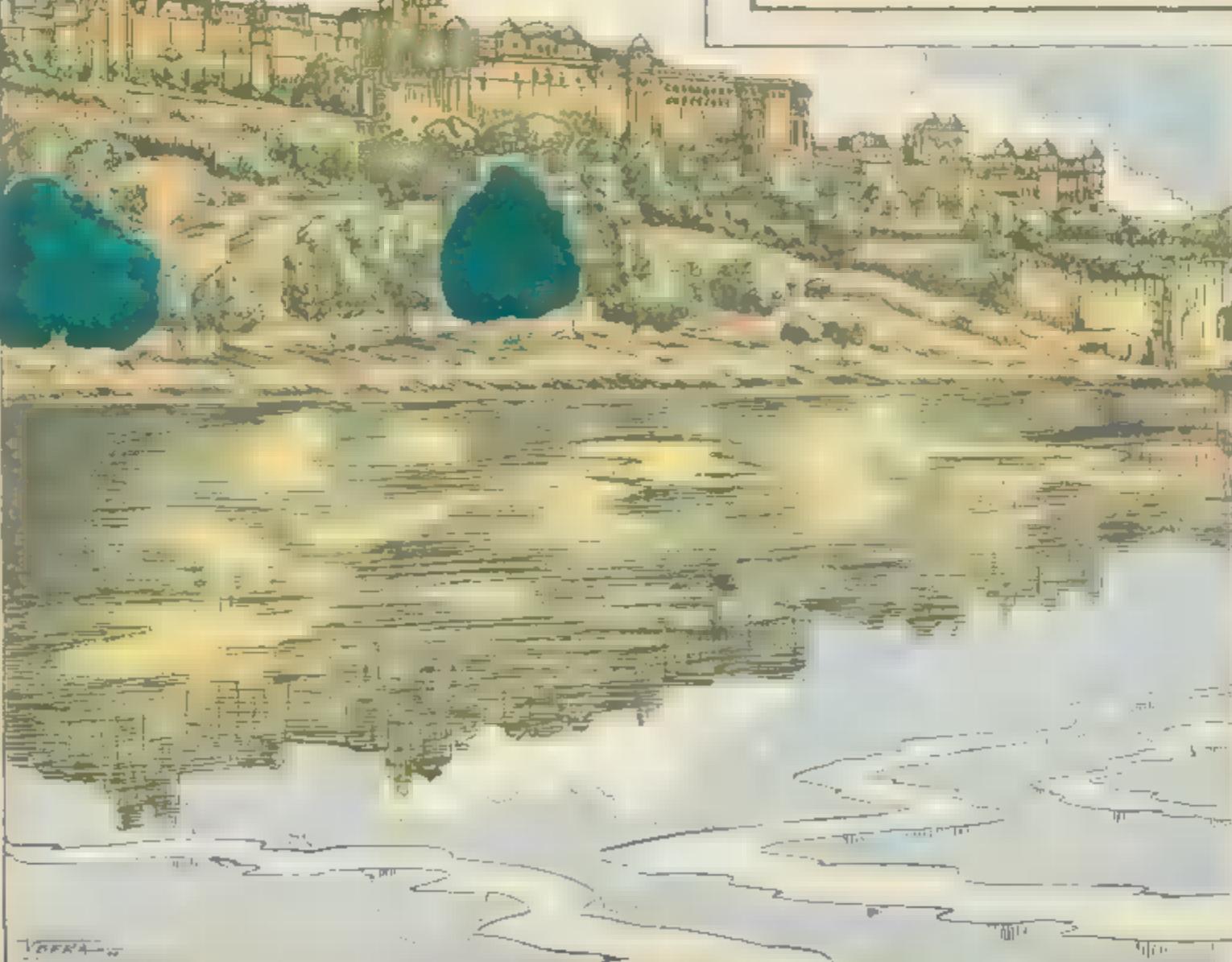
"Indeed, the problem is solved!" said all. "Our village wizard is a real wizard!"

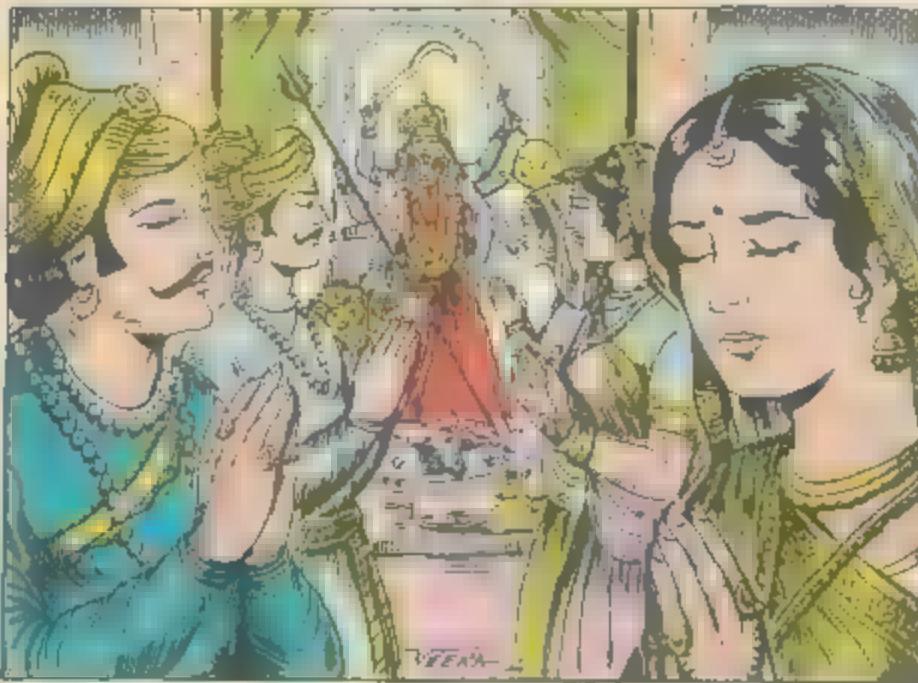
MAKE **■■■** OF YOUR COPY OF ENGLISH CHANDAMAMA
BY PLACING A **REGULAR ORDER**
WITH YOUR NEWS AGENT

AMBER FORT



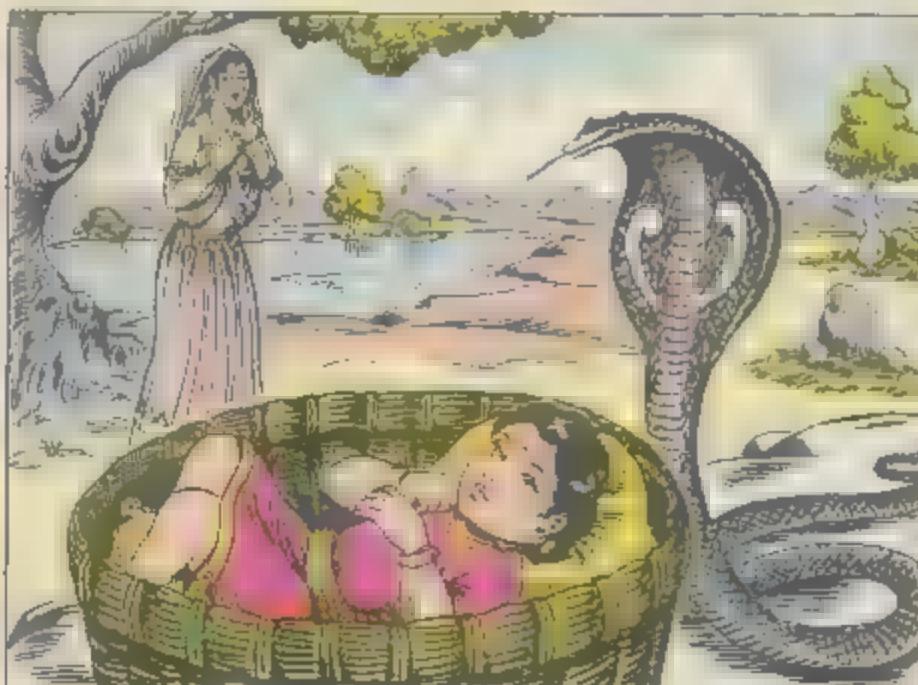
Close by the city of Jaipur in Rajasthan is the fort of Amber, once the capital of a kingdom then known as Dhundar. An exquisite marble palace, labyrinths of passages and carved pillars and massive walls and towers constitute this impressive citadel on wrinkled hills.





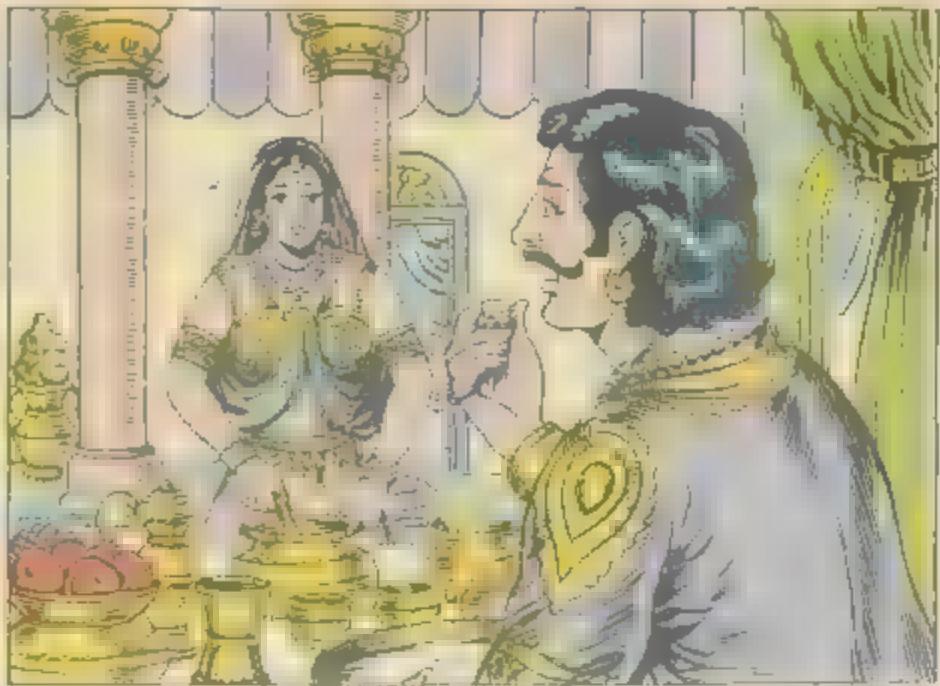
Amber derives its name from Amba, the Mother Goddess. She was the deity worshipped by Minas, the early rulers of this region. Once the place was known as Ambavati. They built their castle here because it would be safe from invaders.

In the 10th century, a Kachhwaha Queen of Gwalior fled to Amber with her infant son. It was because enemies tried to kill the little prince. She dressed like a peasant woman and carried the child in a basket.



She was tired and hungry when she reached Khogaon near Amber. She set the basket on a rock and picked berries. When she turned to the basket, she was horrified to see a black cobra standing guard over it. The cobra slowly left the place.

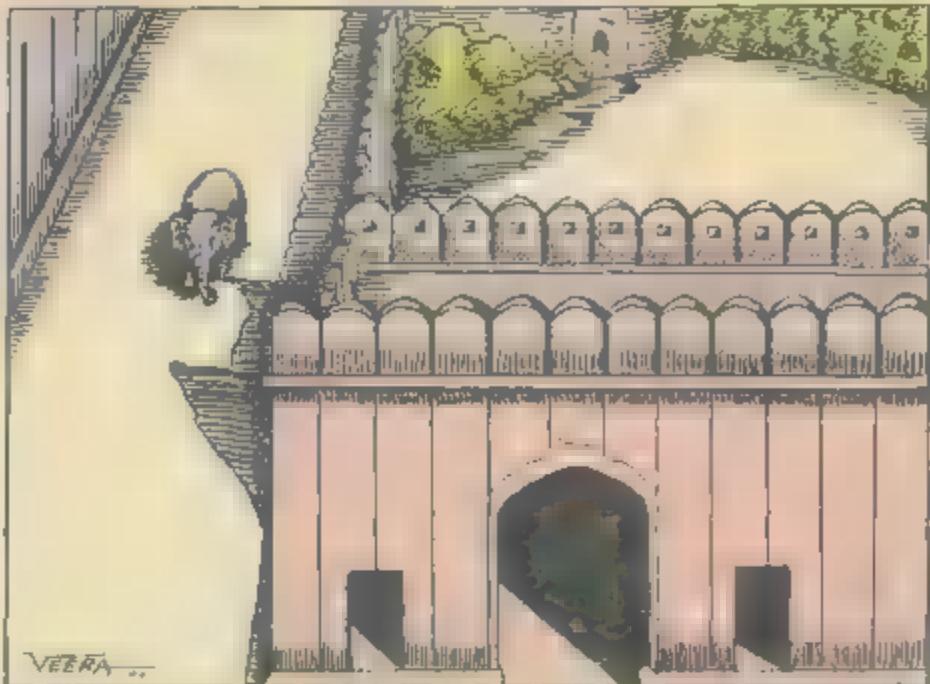
A Brahmin who saw this assured the disguised Queen that her son would become a King. The Queen got employment in the Amber King's household as a cook. She cooked so deliciously that the King found out her identity and proclaimed her as his sister.



The little-prince, Dhola Rai, grew up and usurped the throne of his host-King. Later he was killed by the Minas. Many other Kings succeeded to the throne of the old kingdom. By and by the fort of Amber was expanding.

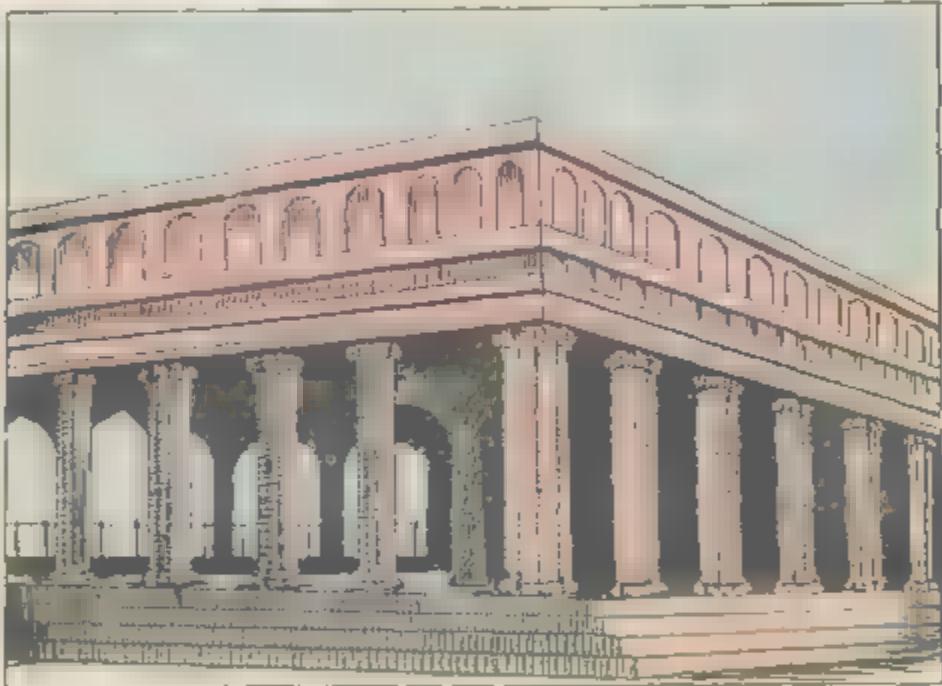
It was King Jai Singh II (1699-1745) who built the city of Jaipur and began shifting the capital of the kingdom to the new city. Once the Mughal King Shah Alam tried to seize Amber, but was dispelled by King Jai Singh.





An excellent specimen of the Mediaeval Indian architecture, the Amber Fort, overlooking the town from the Jaigarh hill, has many striking aspects. One is Surajpol—Chandpol Gate—so known for its reflecting sunlight and moonlight.

The Diwan-i-Am constructed by Jai Singh I ■ a large rectangular hall, its vaulted roof supported by a single row of marble pillars. This is the most graceful building of its kind anywhere. It is said that it aroused Emperor Jahan-gir's jealousy.



The Amber Fort has a history that will claim volumes. Today it attracts thousands of visitors every week. There are facilities for elephant-ride in the fort campus. The fort enjoys ■ pride of place among the monuments of India.



THREE

THE CONSEQUENCE

King Vijayan of Rudrapur was a tyrant. He knew nothing but his own pleasures. He entertained princes of the neighbourhood to grand feasts and bestowed costly gifts on his flatterers.

For amusing himself in this fashion, he needed more and more money. He imposed new taxes on his subjects. When the poor failed to meet his demands, they were harassed and tortured. Many fled their homes.

One day the King went out on a hunting expedition. It was a dense forest spread along the frontier of his kingdom. While he and his companions were engrossed in killing beasts and

birds, a storm was gathering overhead. It broke out suddenly. The King's companions and bodyguards got scattered. In fact, they were all eager to save themselves; nobody cared to see how the King fared.

The King shouted for his friends and bodyguards and ran for his life. His shout did not attract any of his companions, but drew the attention of some bandits. They threw a net over him and captured him.

It had stopped raining. The bandits found the King bedecked with costly ornaments. They relieved him of the ornaments. The King could not even put his hands on his sword because they kept his hands in

their tight grips.

They led him to their chief who lived in a small fortification. The chief bandit had a close look at the King and asked him, "Who are you?"

"I'm the King of Rudrapur."

The bandit chief immediately asked his lieutenants to release the King. "It is a sacred principle with all the bandits not to harass their friends," he said and then he returned the King his ornaments.

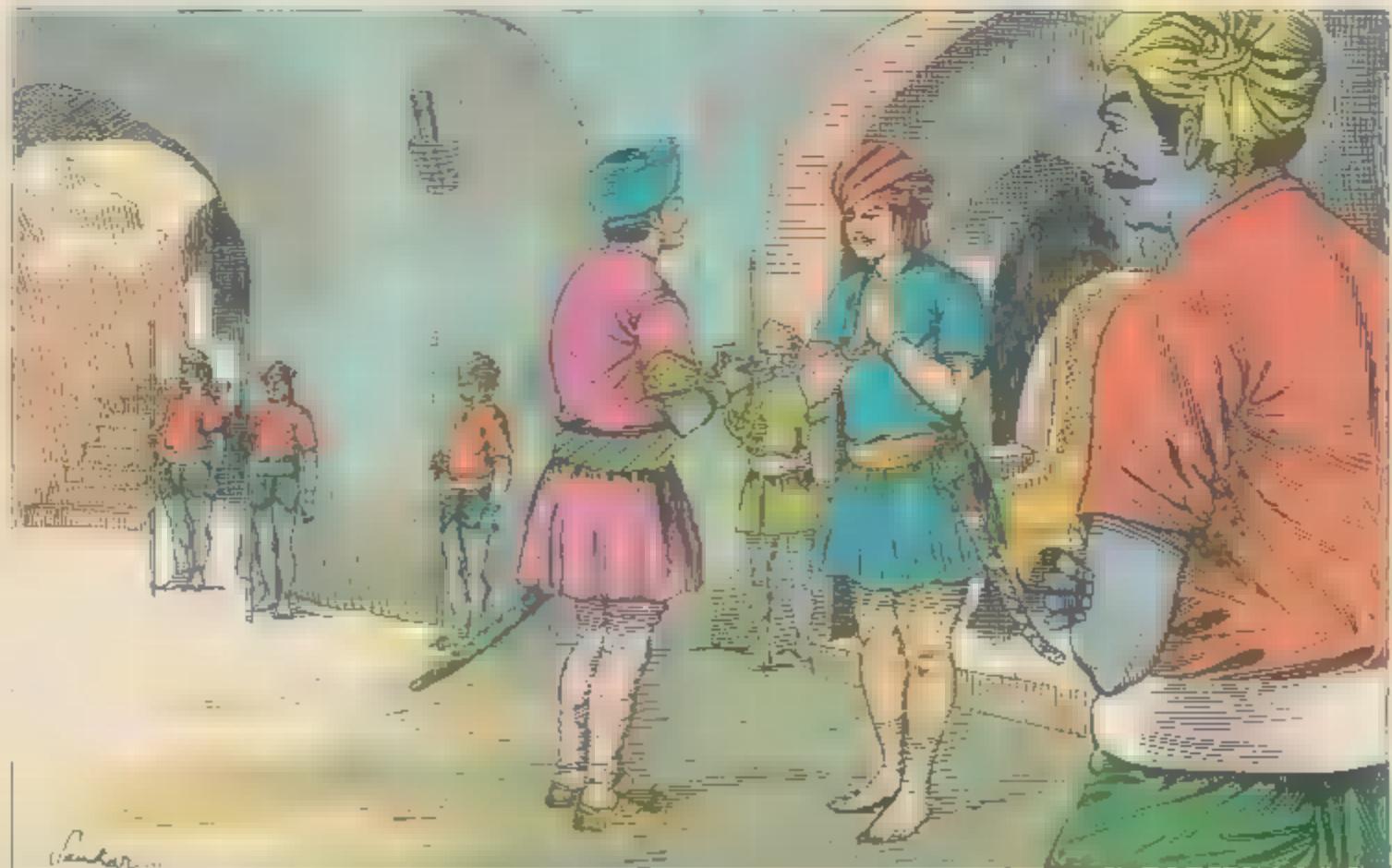
The King was surprised. He walked through the forest for a while. The sky was clouded and the forest was dusky. He could

not see things clearly.

Suddenly he heard a laughter. It was rather fearful. He put his hand on his sword. The volume of the laughter increased. "How can your sword threaten me? I'm a vampire. Weapons can do nothing to vampires. Besides, why should anybody be scared of a vampire? I don't eat men alive! I eat only corpses! By the way, who are you?"

"I'm the King of Rudrapur."

The vampire's voice grew soft. He said, "Is that so? I bow to you. You are the giver of my food! Please move on. I'm glad to meet you."



The King, despite his ordeal, felt flattered that the bandit and the vampire showed such respect to him.

But he had hardly walked a furlong when he found himself being lifted by somebody. It was a giant's grip that had caught him from behind. He was scared.

"Very good that my eyes fell on you. I had not got any human being today. You know, nowadays I find so many human beings in the forest. Today nobody came, perhaps because of the weather," said the giant.

Then he observed the King.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm the King of Rudrapur."

The giant immediately set the King down on the ground and said, "Sorry. I least expected to find you. Sorry for troubling you. My sole prayer is, you should live long—as long as possible!"

The giant then carried the King to the other side of the forest.

The King was tired, though happy. He walked towards the palace of the neighbouring King who was a good old man.

The old King received him warmly and gave him a comfort-



able bed for rest. In the evening, the King of Rudrapur said boastfully, "I did not know that I was so popular even with bandits, vampires and giants!" Then he narrated his three unexpected encounters.

The old King did not show any sign of happiness. That surprised the King of Rudrapur. But the old King did not keep him in suspense for long.

"My son," said the old King, "As your well-wisher, I must tell you that your reading of the situation is wrong. If you are popular, you are popular only with bandits, vampires and giants, not with anybody else."

"How do you say so?" asked the surprised guest.

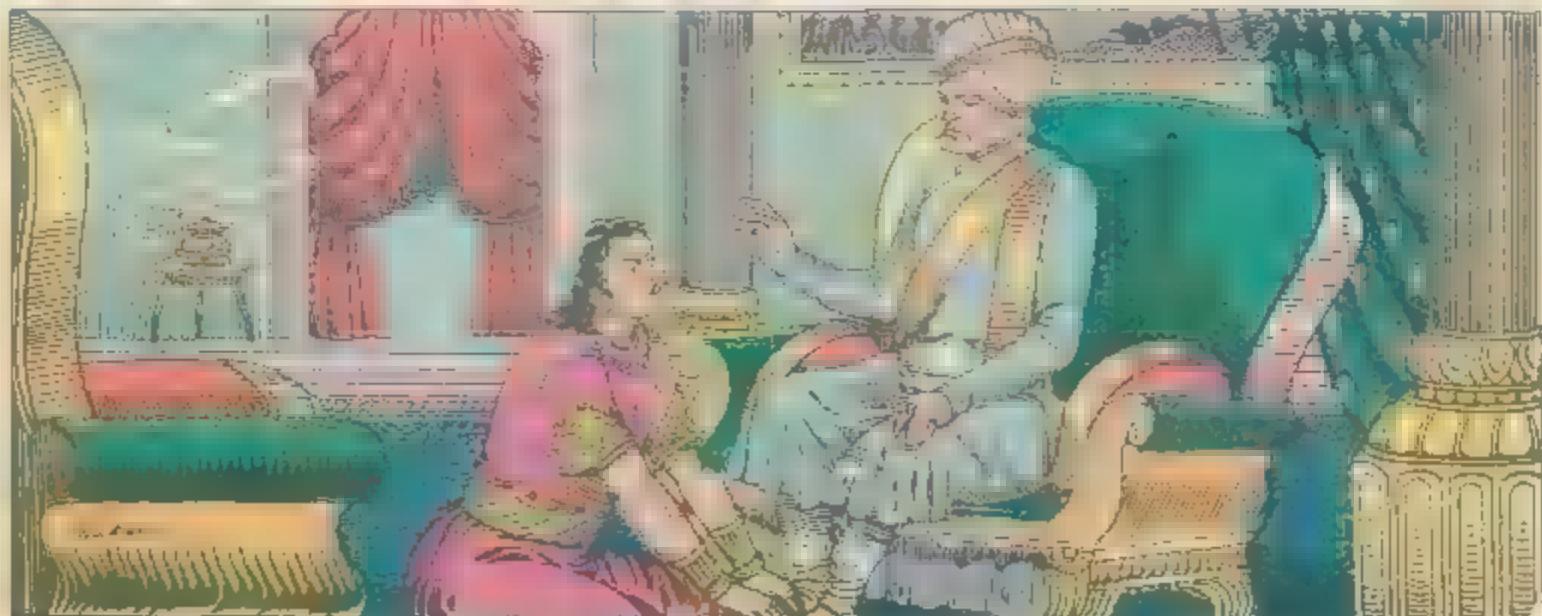
"The bandit left you because he considered you a fellow-bandit. Just as the bandits plun-

der people, you also plunder people. What is worse, you do not pay attention to the security of your subjects. So, the bandits have a good time. You are their friend," said the old King.

"What about the vampire's and the giant's courtesy?" asked the King of Rudrapur.

"Your subjects die of hunger and torment. The vampire feeds on their corpses. That is why he looks upon you as the provider of his food. The fear of your officers drive the people into the forest. The giant eats them. That is why he wants you to live long," explained the old King.

The King of Rudrapur sat glum for a long time. He realised his folly. He thanked the old King and bowed to him and promised to abide by his advice.



GOLDEN HAIR THAT CALLA

Sobha Janardanan from Kuala Lumpur would like to know whether it should be *an ewe* or *a ewe*.

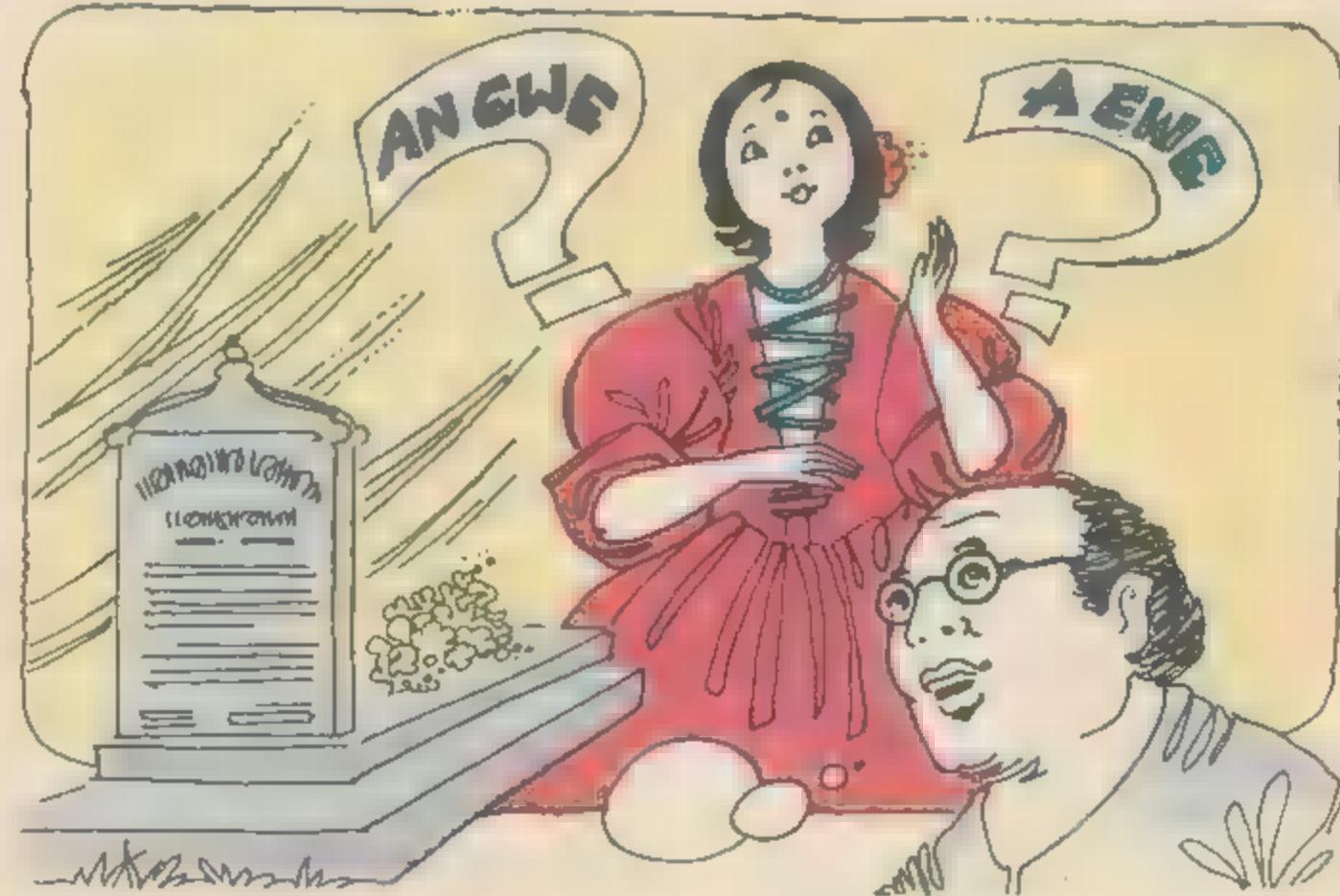
The Indefinite Article *an* is used before a vowel (*an apple*) or before a silent *h* (*an hour*), but if the vowel *u* sounds like *you* or if *eu* sounds like *y* or if *o* sounds like *wu*, then the article should be *a* and not *an*. In keeping with this growing tendency, we say *a eulogy*. Hence we should say *a ewe*, though *an ewe* is not wrong.

"What is an epigram?" asks a reader.

In ancient Greece an inscription in verse placed upon a monument (generally a tomb), was called an epigram. Later the term stood for any precise saying which contains either a pointed wisdom or a satire.

Here is an example from Martialis, the 1st Century satirist:

The golden hair that Calla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears it is hers, and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it!



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Two
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Three
Amul Orange

Four
Amul Fruit & Nut

Five
Amul Bitter

Amul Coffee





LET US KNOW

In the notorious Bermuda Triangle ships get lost regularly. ■ there is any supernatural mystery behind it, can't science probe it?

— *S. Prasannakumar,
Sira.*

If there is any hidden natural cause behind the phenomenon, science can certainly probe it, today or tomorrow. But if the mystery is really supernatural, then physical science cannot probe it. The physical science is based on certain laws which our mind understands. There are laws and principles beyond our mind which can be probed by what is known as the occult science.

However, the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle may not be anything supernatural. The causes may be natural, though unknown to us so far.

■ ■ the ■ ■ between ■ metropolitan city and ■ cosmopolitan city?

— *Jamila Nazari,
Bombay.*

The capital of ■ country is called the metropolis. Hence a metropolitan city is the city with the country's capital. A cosmopolitan city is one where people from many countries live. But it is more a figurative use. That is to say, a city which is open to ideas and life-styles of different countries, which is not limited in its outlook, is called a cosmopolitan city.

Many of the metropolitan cities are also cosmopolitan.

■ ■ true that plastic surgery ■ ■ practised in India in the A.D. 1st century?

— *Dhananjay Patro,
Bhubaneswar.*

The great physician and surgeon Charaka and his students practised plastic surgery in their own way. Charaka belonged to A.D. 1st century or to an earlier age.

The Superfighters



His fans call him the 'Little Master'
The world knows him as a super batsman.
But Sunil Gavaskar says, "I'm a Superfighter.
And I want my son to be one too. Which is why
I've started teaching him young. With Forhan's
Fluoride toothpaste — the Superfighter
against cavities".

Bacteria act on food particles. And release

acids that cause cavities. Forhan's Superfighter
has active Fluoride that hardens tooth enamel.
To resist acid attack.

And Forhan's exclusive astringent tightens
gums. To give teeth a stronger foundation and
longer life.



Over to Sunil. "I give my son Forhan's
Care. Do you?".



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



V. Rajamani



B.C. Ravichandar

Can you formulate a caption in ■ few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail it to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for March '87 goes to :—
Annaji (Narayan Audit Section)
CDA (Qrs.) Central,
177 Civil Lines, Nagpur-10.

The Winning Entry :— A Tiny Set-up & Ready to Face-up

PICKS FROM THE WISE

If we want to make something really superb of this planet, there is nothing whatever that can stop us.

— Shepherd Mead

Maybe ■ person's time would be as well spent raising food as raising money to buy food.

— Frank A. Clark

The most important fact about Spaceship Earth: an instruction book didn't come with it.

— Buckminster Fuller

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- from an IMRB survey conducted in Oct 1986



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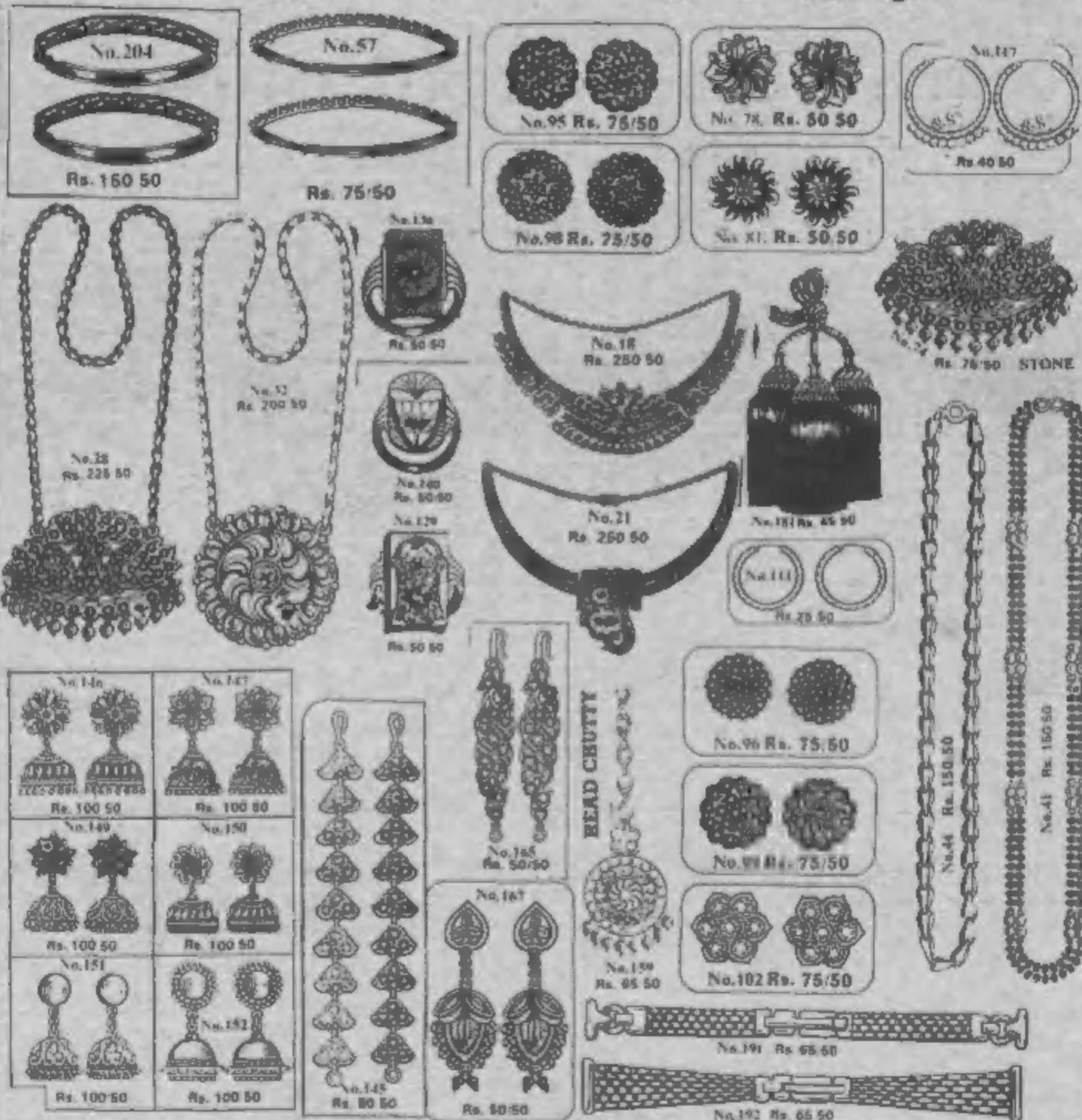


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Just when life was beginning to be fun...pimples came and spoilt it all

I was all set for the big day—my School Annual Function. Rehearsing the solo that I was to sing for the Talent Contest. Everything I thought was going well and...suddenly I noticed pimples coming up on my face. Oh no...I thought...not now, just when life was beginning to be fun. I'd hate to be up on stage looking like that.

At that moment my friend came over. She said, 'You don't have to worry. Just use Clearasil. I've used it too. You know Clearasil clears pimples. And it

even prevents them from spreading.' I did just that...and believe me, it worked!

The applause was deafening as I received the award and I silently thanked Clearasil for giving me this—the most beautiful moment of my life.

Clearasil works in 3 ways:



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old pimple
cells



2. Fights bacteria
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can cause and
spread pimples



3. Dries up pimples
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oil to help dry up
pimples



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I'll beat him anyday, yaar"**



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